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The Mercury

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NEWPORT, R. I.

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Established June, 1858, and is now in its one hundred and sixty-fifth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of four pages, containing news, local and general news, well selected miscellany, and valuable farmers and household departments. Residing in many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters

BROADWAY REPAIRS

The committee on highways of the committee of 25 has been making an extensive investigation in to the condition of Newport's principal thoroughfares, in preparation for its report to the main committee. There seems to be no doubt but that a large sum of money will be required for new work during the coming year. One of the most important of the new projects will be the improvement of Broadway from Lake's Corner north, which has been in a deplorable condition for years. The committee has given consideration to the wooden block pavement for this section and also to granite blocks, and it is understood that it favors the latter as more durable and more economical in the long run. Actually it probably makes little difference which form of top pavement is used, as the real test of permanence will lie in the foundation. In many places on Broadway a three-foot excavation will be essential to insure permanence, and unless the committee is prepared to go to the vast expense of making a real permanent foundation there, they can just as well take the money to be spent for the pavement and dump it off the end of the City Wharf. Opposite the old Taggart place on Broadway there is a veritable underground river which has never yet been conquered, and further out in the hollow near Arnold avenue the conditions underground are as bad or worse.

Broadway is the main thoroughfare for thousands of automobiles coming into Newport every summer and it is highly essential for the welfare of the city that this main highway should be kept in perfect condition, but the problem to be settled by the committee is not so much one of pavement as it is of proper foundation. With a good foundation almost any pavement will last for a number of years; without the foundation, no form of pavement will last a year. This has been many times demonstrated.

Mr. Edson Bradley of Washington has purchased the former Kernochan estate on Ochre Point, known as "Sea View." This is a handsome and valuable property, and much renovating will be done before the opening of another season. Mr. and Mrs. Bradley have spent many summers in Newport but have never owned an estate here, and the fact that they will now become regular summer residents is very pleasing.

The oil burners that have been installed in the City Hall heating plant are found to give excellent satisfaction, and no difficulty is experienced in forcing heat to every part of the building. These burners, made by the Newport Hydro-Carbon Burner Company of Newport are now being extensively advertised in the Boston papers, and a number of installations are under way there.

With all the local amusement houses open again there seems to be rather more for the people of Newport to do in the evening than there was for a time. No matter how much money may be short for current expenses there seems to be plenty of money for attendance at the movies.

At the annual meeting of the Newport Beach Association, John H. Wetherell was re-elected president, J. Henry Cremen vice president, Thomas B. Congdon treasurer, and Joseph S. Milne secretary.

REPUBLICAN RALLY

The Opera House was completely filled on Thursday evening, when a Republican Rally was held, with some of the ablest speakers of the State in attendance. The stage was well filled with prominent members of the party in the city, and the body of the house and the balconies were crowded.

Former Governor R. Livingston Beekman presided and in his opening address referred briefly to the bribery charges that had been made in a Providence newspaper, stating that his prompt institution of legal proceedings was his answer to them. He spoke of the wonderful success of the Harding administration and urged the voters to elect men to support the President.

Lieutenant Governor Harold J. Gross, nominee for Governor, was the next speaker, and described the improved conditions in Rhode Island under the Harding administration. He urged the election of the Republican nominees from Newport and paid a high tribute to the ability of Judge Levy, who retires from the Senate this year.

Judge James B. Dooley gave a strong talk on State affairs, and urged the voters to support Mr. Beekman for Senator. He called attention to the fact that Senator Gerry has little real interest in Rhode Island, having a legal office in New York and residences elsewhere. Mrs. Harvey Flint made a pronounced hit, being the first woman speaker in a Republican rally in Newport. She was in favor of the Republican candidates as men who would stand for law enforcement, regardless of where it hurts.

Congressman Burdick was the last speaker, and urged the necessity of sending Republicans to Washington to look after Newport's naval interests. He spoke of changes that should be made honestly in the Volstead Act, but believed that the law should be enforced.

SEVERE STORM

Newport was visited by a tempest of unusual severity on Monday evening, the storm lasting for several hours and causing considerable damage. The weather had been threatening all the afternoon, and in the evening the rain came down in torrents, accompanied by a high wind that drove the water in gusts that nothing could withstand. At times the lightning was very brilliant and the thunder very heavy. A bolt of lightning came to the ground near the house of Edward Herbert on Friendship street, and some of the electricity seemed to enter the house by way of the chimney. Apparently no serious damage was done, but the occupants were considerably startled. Two cows belonging to Charles H. Wheeler were struck and killed on his farm in Middletown.

During the storm Mr. E. P. Therien and Mr. C. W. Smith had a thrilling experience. They had gone up the Bay in Mr. Therien's launch to bring down Mr. Smith's small sloop, and were returning with the sloop in tow when the storm burst upon them. After a time they were forced to cut the sloop adrift, to save their own lives, but even then were unable to make headway against the storm, as their engine stalled. They drifted about for several hours, bailing constantly to keep the small launch afloat. They finally drifted ashore at Hog Island and crawled through a swamp to dry land. There they found a shanty and spent the remainder of the night. The next morning they were taken over to Bristol Ferry by a fisherman, and returned to their homes to allay the apprehensions of their families. But it was a night that they will never forget.

"NAVY DAY"

Friday was observed as "Navy Day" all over the country and the occasion did not pass without due observance in Newport. The various government stations here were open to public inspection as far as possible, and the Army & Navy Y. M. C. A. was open to the public throughout the day, being decorated in patriotic colors both inside and out.

In the evening there was an interesting programme scheduled for the lobby of the Y. M. C. A., addresses being delivered by prominent naval officers. The Fort Adams Band gave a concert and Mr. T. Frederick Harry rendered a number of vocal selections. In addition a moving picture was shown called "Our Navy in Action."

Mr. William G. Beckley has resigned as sexton of Trinity Church and will shortly remove to California with Mrs. Beckley, where he contemplates the purchase of a ranch for the raising of fruit.

MORE FIRES

Newport has had several box alarms during the past week, and not all of the fires can be fully explained. While it is possible that they may have originated from natural and not improper causes, the great frequency of fires of unknown origin in Newport and vicinity for the past year or more is giving property owners much cause for uneasiness. Two of the more recent fires have been in the Thames street district and in both cases it would appear to have been possible for an incendiary to have been at work. In one instance the lives of occupants were seriously endangered.

Early Tuesday morning box 3 was pulled for a fire in the Goffe building at the corner of Thames street and Long wharf, the lower floor of which is occupied by the Ideal Restaurant. This same building was badly damaged by fire last December, the roof and upper part of the building being burned off at that time. On Tuesday the fire originated in the lower part, apparently starting in a wood pile in the rear of the Ideal Restaurant, and working its way up stairs. The fire was discovered by Officer Naughton, who gave the alarm and then rushed up the stairs, awakening an old man who was sleeping there and bringing him down to the street. Another occupant made his escape by the fire escape.

When the department arrived they found a brisk fire in progress and although the flames did not break through enough to make a very brilliant illumination, much hard work had to be done in a dense smoke to make sure that the last vestige of flame was extinguished, and it was a long time before the last detail left the scene. Building Inspector Douglas subsequently made an inspection of the premises and found the floor to be badly settled. He ordered the restaurant closed until adequate repairs could be made. He also ordered work discontinued in establishing a clothing factory on the third floor until adequate fire escapes can be put in.

Monday afternoon there was a fire in the large wooden building at Brinley and Fillmore streets, formerly known as the Shamrock House. It was purchased some time ago by Representative James J. Martin, who had renovated it very materially. Mr. Martin had been at the house Monday afternoon and burned up considerable rubbish in the furnace and a spark from the chimney probably set fire to the roof. The fire was discovered after the owner had left the place and box 54 was sounded. The fire was not a dangerous one, but considerable damage was done by chipping and by water before the flames were extinguished.

On Friday evening of last week there was a brisk fire in the Hilder building on Thames street, which might have had very serious possibilities. The fire originated in a closet adjoining a hall used for lodge purposes on the third floor. When one of the lodge members went to open the hall for the evening, smoke and flames poured out and a call was at once sent in for the fire department. Considerable water was required to extinguish the flames and much chipping had to be done to follow the course of the fire through partitions. There was considerable water damage in the Beans Press on the second floor and Kratzert & Moy, who occupy the ground floor and the basement, also had some loss from water.

There is every indication of a large attendance at the ladies' night to be given by Kolah Grotto next Tuesday evening at Masonic Hall in honor of Grand Monarch Pelouze and Mrs. Pelouze. An interesting entertainment programme has been arranged, and dancing will follow. There will be a concert by Kolah Grotto Band while the guests are assembling.

The first dramatic reading of the season before the Unity Club will be held on Tuesday evening, November 14th. Saturday, October 28th, is the last date for taking out membership cards for the season. They are ready for delivery at Barney's.

District Deputy Grand Master J. Irving Shepley paid an official visit to St. Paul's Lodge, No. 14, F. & A. M., on Thursday evening, accompanied by W. Benjamin F. Downing, 3d, Master of Ceremonies, and a large suite. A collation was served at the close of the ceremonies.

The instruments for the use of the Band at the Naval Training Station are expected daily, and as soon as they arrive the band will be fully commissioned. There are now well over 1300 men at the Station.

CIGAR FACTORY ASSURED

The Newport Development Industrial Trust Company, which will build and own the factory for the use of the local branch of the American Cigar Company, is now an assured organization. A site has been selected on Commercial wharf, officers have been elected, by-laws adopted, and a sufficient amount of money is now on hand to warrant proceeding with the work of construction.

A meeting of the stockholders was held in the rooms of the Chamber of Commerce on Monday evening, when the by-laws were adopted after they had been thoroughly explained and discussed. Officers were then elected as follows:

President—Charles Tisdall.
Vice President—John J. Conron.
Treasurer—Thomas B. Congdon.
Secretary—James T. Kaul.
Directors—James T. O'Connell, Bernard Richards, Fischel David, Harry A. Titus, James A. Eddy, Herbert Bliss, Moulton W. Friend, E. A. Brown.

The site that has been selected is the old car barn property on Commercial wharf. It is proposed to tear down the present wooden building and erect a modern fireproof structure, with every modern improvement in factory construction. This location will be in the center of the city and the open nature of the surroundings will assure ample light on three sides of the building. While the total amount sought by the committee that has been engaged in financing the enterprise has not yet been raised, it is proposed to continue the effort until the necessary amount is in hand. The Company will build and lease the factory to the Cigar Company and thus will be assured of an income on the investment for a term of years. Most of the local business men welcome the prospect of a substantial payroll to be spent in Newport every week.

THE COMING ELECTION

One week from next Tuesday will be election day, and as the campaign nears its end the action becomes even more animated. A number of rallies have been held in Newport during the past week, culminating in the big affair by the Republicans in the Opera House on Thursday evening. The windows are well filled with pictures of candidates and considerable literature is being distributed through the mails and on the streets. Governor Beekman has taken drastic action by instituting suit for criminal libel following an article in the Providence News.

Next Monday the Board of Canvassers and Registration will make their final canvass of the voting lists to be used on election day, and after that there can be no further changes. The lists will be in the hands of the printer on Tuesday and will be turned over to Secretary Arnold as quickly as possible. The various polling places have been arranged for and the whole machinery for election is practically in readiness.

WALTER C. GOFFE

Mr. Walter C. Goffe, a lifelong resident of Newport, died at his home on Broadway on Tuesday after a long illness. He had been in failing health for more than a year and had suffered greatly.

Mr. Goffe was a son of the late Augustus Goffe and was for a time associated with his father in the clothing business, and after the death of the latter carried on the business alone for some years, being located in the Gas Company building. After closing out that business he was employed as salesman in several of the larger stores in Newport, and afterward was made assistant manager of the Ford Agency for Newport.

Mr. Goffe was a member of St. John's Lodge No. 1, A. F. & A. M., and of Washington Commandery, No. 4, Knights Templars. He is survived by a widow, one son, Mr. Laurence A. Goffe, and one daughter, Mrs. Eugene L. Brown.

Mr. Lloyd Warren, a prominent New York architect, who was killed by a fall from the window of his apartment on West Sixty-fourth street on Wednesday, was a brother of Messrs. George Henry and Whitney Warren, well known summer residents of Newport.

The schools were closed for the week on Wednesday afternoon in order to permit the teachers to attend the sessions of the Rhode Island Institute of Instruction, which have been held in Providence the last half of the week.

Mr. William F. Whitehouse gave a very interesting illustrated lecture before the Men's Club of Trinity parish on Wednesday evening.

PORTSMOUTH.

(From our regular correspondent)

Death of John H. Davol

Mr. John H. Davol, who has been ill a long time, died at his home on Bristol Ferry Road recently. He was for many years a blacksmith and had his shop at the corner of Sprague street and Bristol Ferry Road. He was born in 1849, in Westport, Mass. He is survived by his widow, Phoebe (Usher) Davol, two daughters, Mrs. James Matthews of Childs street, and Mrs. Clarence B. Macomber of Westport, seven grandchildren and a nephew, William Raymond Usher. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal church.

The funeral was held at his late home, with Rev. Joseph Ackley officiating. Rev. Charles J. Harriman assisted at the interment, which was in Portsmouth cemetery. The floral tributes were numerous and beautiful and included pillows, wreaths, flat bouquets, and an anchor on a stand.

Mr. Henry Thomas, whose leg was broken in an accident last July, is able to be out, but is still on crutches.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest C. Cross and Mr. and Mrs. Chas. B. Ashley have returned to their homes after spending the past week with Mr. and Mrs. Frederick A. Lawton in Westfield, Mass.

The building formerly used for the Melville Postoffice has recently been made into a tenement, and will soon be ready for occupancy. The upper part has always been used as a dwelling.

Mr. Warren Hamilton, who has been spending the past week with Mr. Frank Chase, left on Saturday night to visit his father, Mr. Raymond Hamilton, in Denver, Colorado. His grandfather, Mr. Herbert Chase, is now guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Chase.

All the culverts, mail box posts and bridge ends along the East Main Road have been painted white recently so that they are more easily seen.

It is reported that an automobile accident occurred near Quaker Hill on Saturday. An automobile belonging to a Chief Petty Officer hit a telegraph pole, and smashed the top and stove in the left rear side.

Mr. James K. Tallman, who has been making his home with Mrs. Josephine Brown, has gone to Fall River for the winter.

A number of friends of Mrs. Almina Tallman gave her a pleasant surprise on Monday evening in honor of her 84th birthday. Mrs. Tallman was completely surprised. She received many gifts, among them a sum of money. Refreshments were served.

Rev. Dr. Le Baron, district superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal Church in this district, has been at this church this week to attend a series of services being held there. Rev. Dr. LeBaron will speak there at the Sunday evening services. Many interesting speakers have been heard at these meetings, which have been well attended.

The marriage of Miss Stella Hedley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hedley, and Mr. Ellis of Boston, will take place on Saturday evening at St. Paul's Church at 6:00 o'clock. A reception will follow in the parish house.

Right Reverend James DeWolf Perry, Bishop of the diocese of Rhode Island, baptized three children at St. Paul's Church on Tuesday afternoon—the infant son of Rev. and Mrs. Charles Harriman, the infant daughter of Senator and Mrs. Arthur A. Sherman, and their son, Benjamin C. Sherman, 3rd.

Plans are being made for a Halloween party to be given at the next meeting of the Portsmouth Grange. A play will be given. The hall will be decorated with autumn leaves.

Mrs. Benjamin F. C. Boyd, who has been guest of her niece, Mrs. Joel Word, and Mr. Word, in Oil City, Pa., has returned to her home here.

Mrs. George Sisson, who has been on a trip to Rochester, N. Y., has returned to her home.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Thomas and their daughter Bessie have returned to their home from a motor trip to Detroit.

Mrs. Elizabeth Sherman has had as guest her son, Mr. John L. Sherman, who has recently returned from a trip to Washington.

Miss Orianna Anthony is ill at the Newport Hospital.

Mrs. Linwood Jackson, who is ill at the Newport Hospital, is somewhat improved.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Purcell have returned to their home at Oakland Farm, after a trip to Virginia and Washington for the past two weeks.

Plans have been completed for the annual harvest supper, which will be given at the Sakawain Tea Room at Cozy Corner.

Miss Ida Gerber has been spending a few days with friends in Westport, Mass.

Miss Mildred Pope of South Dakota, is guest of her mother at the home of Mr. George Hathaway.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard R. Macomber are guests of their son-in-law and daughter, Rev. and Mrs. Roderick Macomber, in Hamden, Conn.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wheeler and Mr. and Mrs. Alfred C. Hall are visiting Washington and other cities.

Dr. Berton W. Storrs has returned from a hunting trip to the Adirondacks.

MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent)

Newport County Pomona Grange

The Newport County Pomona Grange held a meeting recently in the Grange hall at Little Compton Commons.

At the afternoon session, in charge of Worthy Master Mrs. Florence Sutcliffe, reports of the different granges of the County were read, after which the Secretary, Mrs. Jesse I. Durfee of this town, gave an interesting report of the New England conference of lecturers at Burlington, Vt.

The secretary was authorized to secure information from the granges of the County, in regard to which month they desired to entertain Pomona, so as to enable the lecturer to arrange her program for next year. Little Compton presented the month of October and Portsmouth, December.

The subject of new song books was brought up by Mrs. Spooner, the Pomona lecturer, who showed several excellent samples. It was suggested that the present books needed to be revised, and it was voted that this grange prepare a resolution to that effect.

Plans for an old fashioned dance were discussed and Past Master Jesse I. Durfee was chosen chairman. The affair will probably be held in November at Little Compton Grange hall.

It was also voted to hold a second Pomona vaudeville entertainment. Worthy Master of Pomona Grange, Mrs. Sutcliffe, was selected as the chairman, who appointed as her committee a representative from each local grange as follows: Mrs. Frederick Armbrust of Jamestown, Mrs. Joseph A. Peckham of Middletown, Mrs. George R. Chase, 2d, of Portsmouth, Mrs. Edith Saboury of Nantuxet, Tiverton, Mrs. Harry Lawton of Nonquit, Tiverton, and Miss Edith Pierce of Little Compton.

In the evening the Pomona ladies' degree team initiated forty-three candidates in full form.

Miss Carolyn Coggeshall of Rehoboth, Mass., is spending the winter with her grandmother, Mrs. Sarah C. Coggeshall, in order to attend the ninth grade at the Oliphant School.

Mr. Richard Wheeler suffered a heavy loss during the thunder storm of last Monday evening, when the lightning struck and killed two valuable cows and one hen. The cattle were standing outside near a tree, a crib and a henhouse. So far as could be seen none of them were damaged. Mr. Wheeler lost another cow last week.

The Holy Cross Guild had a supper on Wednesday evening at the Guild House. The menu consisted of fish, cakes, brown bread, rolls, relishes, cake and coffee. The supper was followed by dancing.

The members of the Sunday School of the Methodist Episcopal Church held a Halloween social on Friday evening at the church vestry. A very enjoyable time was spent.

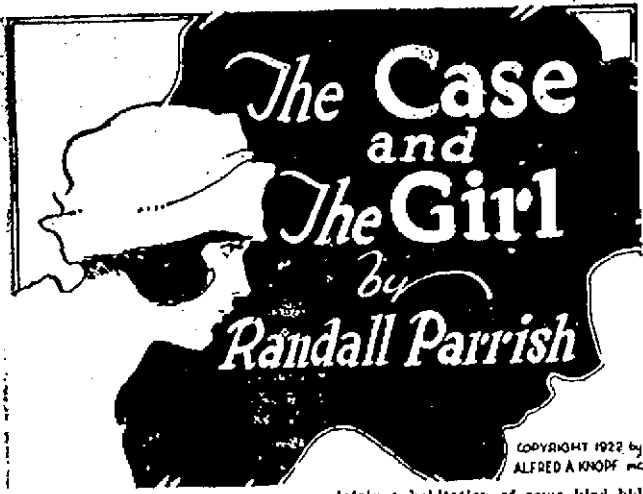
The Aquidneck Grange gave a dance at the Middletown town hall on Tuesday evening, which was very well attended. At 10 o'clock the piano was drawn, which was raffled off on chances at the Aquidneck Grange bazaar. This was in charge of Representative Howard R. Peckham, Worthy Master of Aquidneck Grange, Russell M. Peckham and Mr. Lewis B. Plummer, chairman of the grand prize. Little Roberta Sherman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Sherman, Jr., was chosen to draw the lucky ticket and the name of Mr. John C. Elliott of Valley Road was drawn. The piano, which was furnished by Plummer's Music Store, was a new Riddle piano. An intermission followed the drawing, during which ice cream and cake were on sale. Dancing continued till midnight, with music by the Aquidneck orchestra. The proceeds of the evening were added to the Bazaar fund.

While returning to Fall River on Sunday afternoon, an automobile owned and driven by Charles Ferris of Fall River, struck a culvert with such force that a rear wheel was broken. The machine careened across the road and turned upside down on the bank, across the car track. The passengers escaped injury, but Mr. Ferris was pinned in the car. When he was removed he was found to have received only minor bruises. This occurred just north of Turner Road about 3 p. m.

The wedding of Miss Dorothy Champlin Peckham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Willis Peckham, and Mr. William S. Bailey, 3rd, took place on Saturday evening at St. Columba's Chapel. The bride's gown was of white crepe taffeta, with bertha of old lace and draped skirt, the lace being part of the wedding gown of her mother. The veil was in coronet effect, caught with orange blossoms, and she carried a shower bouquet of roses and lilies of the valley. The maid of honor, Miss Sarah Champlain, wore pink crepe de chine, with silver trimmings, and hat to match, and carried a bouquet of white chrysanthemums.

The bride's gift to her maid of honor was a pearl necklace, and to the flower girls gold bracelets. The groom gave his best man and ushers gold pocket knives.

The reception was held in the guild hall under a bower of green. Dancing followed with music by Christensen's orchestra. Before leaving, the bride threw her bouquet, which was caught by Miss Madeline Oxx. The couple left on the New York boat and are now spending their honeymoon in the South. They received many beautiful gifts from friends and from the different organizations to which they belong.



SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Answering an advertisement calling for a young man willing to engage in service of danger, Matthew West, ex-service man just returned from France, where he had been captain of engineers, meets Natalie Coolidge, writer of the advertisement, and without being instructed as to his probable duties, is engaged by her, and that same evening introduced to her friends as her fiancé.

CHAPTER II.—That night, in the Coolidge home, West is startled by the appearance in his room of a young woman, whom he takes to be Natalie, but who escapes before he can be sure. Next morning Natalie tells West she has been troubled by some woman, apparently her double, who has been impersonating her.

CHAPTER III.—Percival Coolidge, Natalie's uncle and guardian, apparently is disgruntled by West's appearance as Natalie's fiance, and the feeling of antagonism is mutual. Natalie, Coolidge, and West plan a visit of charity to a poor and remote section of the city.

CHAPTER IV.—Leaving West in the car, Natalie and Coolidge enter a small cottage, remaining a length of time which causes him some uneasiness. Before they return, West secures information which leads him to believe that Coolidge is deceiving Natalie, and has ulterior motives.

CHAPTER V.—On the party's return to the Coolidge home, Natalie informs West she has been taken in by her suspicion concerning her "double" and that she has no further need for his services. West is astounded, but helpless. He leaves.

CHAPTER VI.—On his way out of the grounds, West hears a revolver shot, and investigates. He finds Percival Coolidge dead, apparently a suicide. The inquiry is determined in the city where is killed Sexton, an old servant of the Coolidges. Sexton tells him he has been abruptly dismissed, for no apparent reason. He gives it as his belief that Coolidge was murdered, and about convinces West he is right.

CHAPTER VII.—Sexton has overheard a telephone conversation in the Coolidge home, in which a man demands Natalie's presence immediately. He gives an address, and with Sexton, West, his suspicions of things not being right, are confirmed by his learning that Coolidge had fled about the reason for the trip to the cottage, visits the place. It is a disreputable saloon.

CHAPTER VIII.—West is taken by surprise, knocked out, separated from Sexton, and comes to his senses to find himself bound and helpless, and confronted by a man named Hobart, whom West knows to be the man who had rented the house which Natalie visited. The man tells him (West) is interfering with his plans, and the persistence will be done away with. West refuses any compromise. Hobart sends for Natalie, hoping she can induce West to give up his quest.

CHAPTER IX.—Natalie releases West from his bonds and assures him that she has no need for his assistance. Her actions almost convince West she has guilty knowledge of Percival Coolidge's murder. He defies Hobart, and the thug, with two companions, attempts to kill him. After a terrific fight West leaps from the window.

CHAPTER X.—West succeeds in eluding his pursuers, finds Sexton bound and gagged, releases him, and the two escape. In the alley Sexton picks up a lady's penknife, which he gives to West.

CHAPTER XI.—Concealed in the knife West finds a note in a woman's hand, warning appealing to the police to "search the Seminoles." West takes the note to police headquarters, where he finds an old friend he had known in France, McAdams. They find that the Seminoles is a yacht owned by Percival Coolidge.

CHAPTER XII.—McAdams learns the Seminoles is tied up at a pier. West goes over there alone, aboard, made a prisoner, and the vessel sails.

CHAPTER XIII.—His captors inform West that they are determined his activities in the Coolidge case shall be ended. The men deny that Natalie is aboard the vessel. That night, with West locked in his cabin, the boat is abandoned by its crew. West breaks out of the cabin, finds and releases Natalie, and the two escape on a life raft. The Seminoles goes down.

CHAPTER XIV.—On the raft West becomes convinced that another woman resembling her wonderfully has been impersonating Natalie and that the latter is absolutely innocent of any wrongdoing. He realizes that the strong interest he has felt in the case sprang only from the love he has felt for Natalie. He tells her, and she admits she has felt a strong affection for him almost from their first meeting.

CHAPTER XV.—With the breaking of the dawn West and Natalie sight land. Abandoning the raft, they swim ashore safely, though Natalie is exhausted.

CHAPTER XVI

The House in the Bluffs.

The cleft in the bluff was both narrow and steep, but it gave them passage. At the upper end Natalie's reserve strength suddenly deserted her, and she sank down on the grass, laboring for breath, feeling unable to advance a step farther. The days and nights of excitement, coupled with lack of food and sleep, had left her physically weakened; now suddenly, even her will and courage both gave way.

"No, it is nothing," she explained in a whisper. "I am just completely tired out, I guess. You go on, Matt, and find some place of shelter. I'll just sit where I am now until you come back—only—I don't go very far away."

She held out her hand, and endeavored to smile.

"Desert me! Of course you are not, dear. I am bidding you go. I shall not mind being left here alone. I am so tired."

West felt the importance of gaining a view inland before the closing down of night obscured everything, and therefore reluctantly left her alone there while he made his way to the top of the ridge. It was a wild, broken country revealed to his gaze, a land of ridges and ravines, rugged and picturesque, but exhibiting no evidence of roads, or inhabitants. Then his eyes caught a thin spiral of smoke rising from out a narrow valley almost directly beneath where he stood, the depths of which were totally concealed from sight. As he stared at this, uncertain of its reality, a single spark of light winked out at him through the darkness. There was cer-

tainly a habitation of some kind hidden away down there. If he could only leave Natalie there in safe hands, in the security of a home, however humble, food would give him strength to push on alone. West turned and hastened back through the woods, clambering down the slope of the ridge in darkness to the spot where he had left the girl. For the moment he could not distinguish her presence in the gloom, and, fearing he might have gone astray, called her name aloud.

"Yes," she answered. "I am here; to your right. I am standing up. Have you discovered anything?"

"There is a house of some kind over yonder in a hollow just beyond the ridge. We will have to stumble along through the dark. Do you think you can make it?"

"Of course, I can," and she placed her hand confidently in his. "I am all right now; really I am; I guess all I needed was to get my breath."

He grasped her arm, helping her to clamber up the steep bank, suddenly becoming aware that the sleeve felt dry.

"Why, Natalie, your clothes seem to have all dried off already; mine are soaked through," he exclaimed in surprise.

She laughed, a faint tinge of mockery in the sound.

"No mystery whatever. This light stuff dries quickly, exposed to the air. Did you think you had hold of the wrong girl?"

The tone of her voice stung slightly, causing him to make a sober answer.

"That would, of course, be improbable, but I have been so completely deceived, even by daylight, that I dare not affirm that it would prove impossible. Your counterfeit is certainly a wizard."

"She must be. But as she is miles away from here, you might let the suspicion rest. Is this where we go down?"

She led the way, the action awakening no question in his mind. If he thought at all about her thus assuming the initiative, the suspicion was dismissed with the idea that probably her eyes were more keen to discover the best path. In this she was certainly successful, and he contented himself by following her closely, but vaguely he felt that in some almost imperceptible manner she had changed her mood. He could not base his thoughts on a single word, or action, yet he felt the difference—this was not the Natalie of the raft. She was too irritable; too sharp of speech. But then, no doubt, she was tired, worn out, her nerves broken. So he drove the thought from him, clinging close to her arm, and vaguely wondering how she was able to trace the path so easily. By this time even West could recognize that they were proceeding along a well-used path, and he was not surprised when she announced the presence of the house before them, pointing out the dim shadow through the gloom.

"That is no hut," he exclaimed in surprise. "It looks more like a mansion."

"And why not?" pleasantly enough. "I have always heard these bluffs were filled with summer homes. Unfortunately this one appears to be deserted."

"But there must be some one about here," West insisted. "For this was the house I saw from the ridge, and there was a light burning then in one of the windows, and there was a wisp of smoke rising from a chimney."

She stepped boldly forward, and placed her hand on the knob of the door.

"Why," she whispered, excitedly. "It is unlocked; see. I can open it. Perhaps something is wrong here. What shall we do?"

"Knock first; then if there is no response, we can feel our way about inside. My matches are all wet."

She rapped sharply on the wood; waited for some reply, and then called out. Not a word reached them from within. West, his teeth clinched, stepped in through the open door, determined to learn the secret of that mysterious interior. With hands outstretched he felt his way forward, by sense of touch alone assuring himself that he traversed a hall, carpeted, his extended arms barely reaching from wall to wall. He encountered no furniture, and must have advanced some two yards, before his groping disclosed the presence of a closed door on the left. He had located the knob, when the outer door suddenly closed, as though blown shut by a draught of wind, and, at the same instant, his eyes were blinded by a dazzling outburst of light.

This came with such startling, unexpected brilliancy that West staggered back as though struck. For the instant he was positively blind; then he dimly perceived a man standing before him—a man who, little by little, became more clearly defined, recognizable, suddenly exhibiting the features of Jim Hobart, sarcastically grinning into his face.

"You are evidently a cat of nine lives, West," he said sneeringly. "But this ought to be the last of them."

For a moment West lost all control over himself. He was too completely dazzled for either words or action; could only stare into that mocking

countenance confronting him, endeavoring to sense what had really occurred. He was undoubtedly tripped again, but how had the trick been accomplished? What devilish freak of luck had thus thrown them once more into the merciless hands of this ruffian? He even ventured to turn his head, and glance at the girl. She stood leaning back against the closed door as though on guard, her uncovered hair ruffled, a scornful, defiant look in her eyes, the smile on her lips revealing the gleam of white teeth. In spite of a wonderful resemblance, a mysterious counterfeited in both features and expression, West knew now this was not Natalie Coolidge. He had permitted himself to be tricked again by the jade; the smart of the wound angered him beyond control.

"You are not Miss Coolidge," he insisted hotly. "Then who are you?"

She laughed, evidently enjoying the scene.

"Oh, so even Captain West has at last penetrated the disguise. No, I am not the lady you mention, if you must know."

"Then who are you?"

She glanced toward Hobart, as though questioning, and the man answered the look gruffly.

"Tell him if you want to, Del," he said, with an oath. "It will never do the guy any good. He'll never get away from me again. Spit it out."

"All right," with a mocking curtsy. "I've got an idea I'd like to tell him; it is too good a joke to keep, and this



"You Are Not Miss Coolidge."

fellow has certainly been an easy mark. Lord, but I could have had you making love to me, if I'd only have said the word—out there on the hills in the dark, hey! You sure are plumb nutty after this Natalie Coolidge. That's the straight goods, isn't it, Mister Captain West?"

"I care very much for Miss Coolidge, if that is what you mean."

"Sure you do; and you've put up a game fight for her too, my boy. I'd like it in you if I wasn't on the other side. But you see we can't be easy on you just because of that. Sentiment and romance is one thing, while business is another. You and I don't belong in the same worlds—see? You can't rightly blame me because I was born different, can you?"

"Perhaps not; what would you make me believe?"

"I thought I'd put it that way so you'd understand, that's all. There's a difference in people, ain't there. I'm just as good looking as this Natalie Coolidge, ain't I? Sure I am; you can't even tell us apart when we are dressed up alike. I could come in here, and have you make love to me inside of twenty minutes. But we ain't a bit alike, for all that. She's a lady, and I'm a crook—that's the difference. She's been brought up with all the money she wants, while I've had to hustle for every penny since I was a kid. I was brought up a thief, and I don't know anything else. I never did care much, but in this Coolidge matter, I've got just as much right to all that kate as she has—so naturally I'm going after it."

"As much right, you say? Why, who are you?"

She stood up straight, and looked at him, her eyes burning.

"Me!" scornfully. "Why I am Delta Hobart—Diamond Del," they call me."

"Yes, but that is not what you mean; that gives you no such right as you claim. You are Hobart's daughter, then?"

"I didn't say so. Mister Captain West, I told you my moniker, that's all. Jim here brought me up, but he ain't no father to me, and his wife ain't my mother. It took me a while to find that out, but I got the thing straight at last. I saw then just what those two were driving at; first I didn't take no particular interest in the scheme; then I got to thinking until finally I hated that soft, downy thing; d—n her, she'd robbed me, and I had a right to my share even if I had to steal it."

"What soft, downy thing?"

"Natalie Coolidge! Bah, I went out to see her once. Jim took me and we hid in the garden; and when I came back I was raving mad. Lord, why should that little idiot have everything while half the time I was hungry?"

"You mean you envied her?"

"Envied, h—l! Didn't I have a right? Wasn't she my twin sister? Didn't she have it all, and I nothing?"

He gasped for breath at this sudden revelation. Then he laughed, convinced it could not be possible.

"Who told you that?"

"Why, don't you believe it? Has she never said a word about it to you?"

"Certainly not. I am sure she possesses no knowledge of ever having had a sister. Moreover, I do not believe it is true. If you had proof of such relationship, why didn't you go to her, and openly claim your share?"

"Go to her! me? Do you hear that?

Jim? Isn't he the cute little fixer? Why, of course, she knew it; there was nothing doing on the divide. It's all straight enough, only we couldn't prove it by law; anyhow that is what they told me—so we got at it from another direction."

She seemed so convinced, so earnest in her statement that West in perplexity turned to glance at Hobart.

"Do you make this claim also?" he asked.

"What claim?"

"That this girl is a twin sister to Natalie Coolidge? Why, it is preposterous."

"Is it? D—d if I think so. Now look here, West; I don't know just what the Coolidge girl has been told; maybe she never even heard she had a twin sister. If they ever told her that she had, then they must have told her also that the sister died in infancy. Anyhow, that's how it stands on the records. There were just two people who knew different—do you get me? One of them is dead, but one of them is still alive."

"Which one is dead?"

"Percival Coolidge; he knew too much and got gay; he planned to cop the whole bundle. The fact is he started the whole scheme, soon as he learned who Del was, and planned it all out."

"But if this girl was really entitled to a part of it, why not claim it by law?"

"We talked about that, but the chance didn't look good. Everything showed the second child died; hospital records, doctor's certificate; there wasn't a link in the chain we could break."

"But who was the other witness—the living one?"

"The nurse; she made the exchange of the dead baby for the living one. It was easily done, as the child was really sick."

"But for what object—revenge?"

"She was poor, and yielded to temptation. Percival Coolidge paid her to make the exchange. I have never been able to learn what his original purpose was, but she thinks he believed the stolen child was a boy, and that later, through him, the Coolidge money might be controlled. However, the woman lost her nerve, and disappeared with the infant. She brought it up as her own in the West, where she married again. I am her second husband, and that is how I learned the truth."

"The woman on the yacht?"

"Yes, you saw her. The child was brought up in our life; I figured on this coup for years, and finally when all was ready, we came back East again. I had a plan, but I wasn't quite sure it would work until I could see the two girls together. After that it was like taking candy from a kid. H—l, you are the only one who has even piped off the game."

West looked closely at the man, who was thus coolly boasting of his exploits, and then at the silent girl, whose eyes suddenly gave back their challenge. What did it all mean? Why were they calmly telling him these things? Was it merely the egotism of crime, pride of achievement? or did Hobart hope in some way to thus win his assistance, or at least his silence?

"Why do you tell all this to me, Hobart?" he asked shortly. "You do not expect me to play with you in the game, do you?"

"You!" the fellow laughed coarsely. "We don't care what you do, you young fool. Del started this talking, and I let her go on. Then, when she stopped, I thought you might as well learn the rest of it. The fact is, West, we're fixed now so whatever you know won't hurt us any. We have as good as got the swag; and, to make it absolutely safe, we've got both you and the girl. I'll say this for you, old man, you've sure put up a game fight. I don't know how the h—l you ever got out of that yacht alive, or ever happened to drift in here. It was nothing but bull luck that gave us a glimpse of you tossing round on that raft—but after that it was dead easy. Del here is some actorine."

"You say you've got the swag?"

"All but in our hands; nobody can get it away from us. The court order was issued today; the entire estate placed, in accordance with the terms of the will, in the possession of Natalie Coolidge. Once the proper receipt is signed, all moneys can be checked out by her. That about settles it, doesn't it? Tomorrow Del and I will go down to the city, and turn the trick, and after that there is nothing left but the get-away."

It was a cold-blooded proposition, but neither face exhibited any regret; both were intoxicated by success; untoubled by any scruples of conscience. West felt the utter uselessness of an attempt to appeal to either.

"Where is Natalie Coolidge?" he asked, his own determination hardening.

"What do you propose doing with her?"

Hobart's teeth exhibited themselves in a sarcastic grin.

"That is our business, but you can bet she'll not interfere."

"And a similar answer, I presume, will apply also to my case?"

"It will. Don't make the mistake, West, of believing we are d—n fools. I don't know just why I've blowed all this to you, but it ain't going to help you any, you can be sure of that. In fact our knowing how the thing was worked is liable to make things a blame sight harder in your case. We won't do no more talking; so go on in through that door."

The fellow's demeanor had entirely changed; he was no longer pretending to geniality, and his words were almost brutal. Apparently, all at once, it had dawned sharply upon him that they had made a mistake—had boasted far too freely. Any slip now, after what had been said, would wreck the ship. West faced him watchfully, fully aware of the desperate situation, instinctively feeling that this might be his last chance.

"In there, you say?" indicating the closed door.

"Yes; move!"

He did; with one swift leap forward, the whole impetus of his body

behind the blow, West drove his fist straight into the face confronting him. The fellow reeled, clutched feebly at the smooth wall for support, dropped helplessly forward, and fell headlong, with face hidden in outstretched arms. The assailant sprang back, and turned, in a mad determination to crash his way out through the locked door behind, but as suddenly stopped startled by the vision of a leveled revolver pointed at his head.

"Not a move," the girl said icily. "Take one step, and I'll kill you."

Hobart lifted his head groggily, and



"Not a Move."

pushed himself half-way up on his knees.

"Don't shoot unless he makes you, Del," he ordered grimly. "We don't want that kind of row here." He dragged himself painfully to the side door, and pressed it open.

"Hoy you!" he cried. "Come on out here. Now then, rough-house this guy!"

CHAPTER XVII

McAdams Blows In.

It was a real fight; they all knew that when it was finished. But it was three to one, with Hobart blocking the only open door, and egging them on, and the excited girl, backed into a corner out of the way, the revolver still gripped in her hand, ready for any emergency. The narrowness of the hall alone afforded West a chance, as the walls protected him, and compelled direct attack from the front. Yet this advantage only served to delay the ending. He recognized two of the fellows—"Red" Hogan and Mark—while the third man was a wiry little bar-room scrapper, who smashed fiercely in through his guard, and finally got a grip on his throat which could not be wrenched loose. The others pounded him unmercifully, driving his head back against the wall. Hogan smashed him twice, crashing through his weak attempt at defense, and with the second vicious drive, West went down for the count, lying motionless on the floor, scarcely conscious that he was still living.

"It's a knockout all right," Hogan declared. "That guy is good for an hour in dreamland. What's the dope?"

"We got to keep him here, that's all; and there's goin' to be no get-away this time!"

"Do you want him crosked?"

"No, I don't—not now. What the h—l's the use? It would only make things harder. We're ready to make our get-away, ain't we? After tomorrow all h—l can't get onto our trail. This guy's life wouldn't help us none, so far as I can see."

"Getting squeamish, ain't you?"

"No, I'm not. I've got as much reason to hate the fellow as you have, 'Red.' He certainly swiped me one. Before we had the swag copped, I was willing enough to put him out of the running. That was business. You sure did a fine job then, d—n you; now I don't think it is your time to howl. Listen here, will you? From all I learn, this bird amounts to something; he ain't just a dingo to be bumped off, and nobody care what's become of him. This guy has got friends. It won't help us any to be hunted after for murder on top of this other job. If we cop the kate, that's all we're after. Is that right, Del?"

The girl seemed to come forward and face them defiantly.

"Sure it's right. I never was for the strong-arm stuff, Hogan. This is my graft, anyhow, and not one of you stiff gets a penny of it unless I split with you. This fellow isn't going to be slugged—that's flat. It is only because he's fell in love with the Coolidge girl that he is here, and once we've skipped out, I don't wish the guy any bad luck."

"You ought to have caught him yourself, Del," some one said. "The bird never would have known the difference."

She laughed, quickly restored to good humor.

"You're about right there, Dave," she answered. "That was another mistake; the only chance I ever had of marrying in high social circles. But h—l, I'll be a lady tomorrow, so let's let the poor devil go. Wrap him up, and lay him away out in the garage."

The walls are two-foot solid stone; he'll stay buried there, all right."

Hogan growled in derision, yet it was evident that she and Hobart would have their way. Some one brought a rope, which was deftly wound about him, West continuing to feign unconsciousness. He secretly hoped this condition might result in some carelessness on their part, in either speech or action. Anyway it would undoubtedly save him from further brutal treatment. He had no reason to suspect that his ruse was questioned. The fellows spoke freely while making him secure, but he gained very little information from

their conversation—not a hint as to where Natalie was confined, or how long it was proposed to hold them prisoners. Then "Red" and Dave lugged his limp body through several rooms, out upon a back porch, finally dragging him down the steps and along a cement driveway, letting him lie there a moment in the dark, while one of them unlocked the door. The next instant he was carelessly thrown inside, and the door forced back into place. He could hear Hogan swear outside, and then the sound of both men's feet on the drive as they departed.

With a struggle West managed to sit up, but could scarcely attempt more, as his arms were bound closely to his sides. The darkness about him was intense, and, with the disappearance of the two men up the steps, all outside sounds had ceased. He knew he had been flung into the garage and was resting there on the hard cement floor. He could neither feel nor see any machine, nor was there probably the slightest prospect of his getting out unaided.

What was that? He listened, for an instant doubtful if he had really heard anything. Then he actually heard a sound. He doubted no longer, yet made no effort to move, even holding his breath in suspense. There was movement of some kind back there—a cautious movement; seemingly the slow advance of something across the floor, a dog perhaps. West's heart throbbed with apprehension; suppose it was a dog, he had no means of protection from the brute. Cold sweat tingled on his flesh; there was nothing he could do, no place where he could go. The thing was moving nearer; yet surely it could not be a dog; no dog would ever creep like that. He could bear the strain no longer; it was beyond endurance.

"What's moving back there?" he asked in a hoarse whisper.

There was a moment of utter silence; then, a man's voice said in low, cautious tone.

"The fellow ain't dead, Mac; anyhow he seems able to talk yet."

"All right, we'll find out what he's got to say—go on along."

West sat up, his heart bounding with sudden remembrance.

"My G—d! McAdams, is that you?"

"You have the name—who's speaking?"

"Matt West. Good G—d, but this is like a miracle. I'd played my last card."



"My God! McAdams, Is That You?"

Come here, one of you, and cut these strings. I cannot even move, or stand up. Is it really you, Mac? Yes, yes, I am all right; they brused me up a bit, of course, but that is nothing. Now I have a chance to pay them out. But who are with you? and how did you come to be here?"

McAdams ran his knife blade through the lashings, feeling for them in the dark. Neither could see the other, but West realized that another man had crept up on the opposite side of him, and crouched there silently in the blackness.

"Need any help, Mac?" the latter questioned in a whisper.

"No, I've got him cut loose. This is the lad I told you about, Carlyn. You go on back, and, as soon as West gets limbered up a bit, and I hear his story, we'll join you there. Then we'll know how the ground lies."

The fellow crept away unseen, and McAdams gripped West's hand.

"Say, but this is mighty good luck, old boy," he blurted out. "I was afraid you'd gone down in that yacht last night."

"You were! How did you know about it?"

"Stumbled onto the story, the way most detectives solve their mysteries. That is, I stumbled on some of it, and the rest I dug out for myself. It won't take long to explain and perhaps you better understand. They told me at the office when I got back about the Seminoles being tied up at the Municipal pier, and that you had gone down there. Well, I made it as quick as I could, but the yacht was three hundred yards out in the lake by the time I arrived. There wasn't a d—n thing to take after it in, and, besides, just then, I didn't really know any good police reason for chasing her. First thing I did was to try and find you, so we could get our heads together. But you wasn't there, and so I naturally jumped to the conclusion you must have got aboard somewhere. Say, I combed that pier, believe me, West, and finally I ran across a kid who put me wise. He saw you go across the deck, and into the cabin with two other guys. They came out again, but you didn't. I pumped him until I got a pretty good description of both those fellows, and I decided one of them must be 'Red' Hogan, about the toughest gunman in Chicago."

"It was Hogan."

THE CASE AND THE GIRL

Continued from Page 2

hands of that guy, and his gang, the chances were dead against you. But there wasn't a darn thing I could do, except to hunt up Hobart, wire every town along the North shore to keep an eye out for the yacht, and pick up a thread or two around town. I got a bit, at that, to wise me up. We found Hobart hid away in a cheap hotel out on Broadway, and put a trailer on him. The girl had disappeared; she'd been to a bank, and then to the Coolidge lawyer and signed some papers; after that we lost all trace of her for awhile. Your man Sexton, out at Fairclawn, reported that she hadn't returned there. Then I got desperate and decided I'd blow the whole thing to the Coolidge lawyer, and get him to take a hand. I was afraid they were all ready for the get-away—see? I couldn't round 'em up alone; besides I'm a Chicago police officer, and have to keep more or less on my own beat.

"And you told the lawyer?"

"Everything I knew, and some I guessed at. I thought the old guy would throw a fit, but he didn't. He came through game after the first shock. But say, that dame had sold him out all right. He never had an inkling anything was wrong; no more did the banks. We went over and talked to the president of one of them—a smooth guy with white mutton chops—and the girl had signed up the preliminary papers already, and tomorrow the whole hoodle was going to drop softly into her lap. Say, I felt better when I learned they hadn't copped the swag yet. But just the same I needed help."

"And you got it?"

"Sure; those two duffers coughed up money in a stream. Called in a detective agency, and gave me three operatives to work under me. Got the chief on the wire, and made him give me a free hand. Then I had a clench."

CHAPTER XVIII

A Bridge of Love.

He paused, listening, but all remained quiet without, and he resumed his story.

"There is not much else to it, West. A little after one o'clock the shadow phoned in from the Union depot that Hobart had just purchased two tickets for Patience. We hustled over, but were too late to catch that train, but learned the girl had accompanied him on the trip. We caught another rather two hours later, and got off at Patience, which is about three miles west of here. It is not much of a job to gather up gossip in a small burg, and, inside of ten minutes, I had extracted all I needed from the station agent. It seems this outfit was the summer sensation out here. We hoisted it for reasons of our own, and came around by way of the lake shore, aiming to keep out of sight until after dark. That is how we discovered that Seminole boat hauled up on the beach, but with no yacht in sight. One of the fellows with me said Hogan did a boat-sinking job before and got away with it, and that is how I figured that maybe you was at the bottom of Lake Michigan—see? Well, we crept up here through the woods, but nothing happened. Didn't look as if the place had a soul within a hundred miles of it—no smoke, no light; not a darn sound. We laid out and waited, not sure what we were up against. Finally we jammed open the back door of this garage, just to find out whether those guys had a cur out here, or not. They had, but we no more than located it when those two fellows came dragging you out of the back door of the house, and flung you in here like a bag of old linen. We lay still, and let them go back, but we hadn't any notion it was really you; so we crawled up to find out. That's the story. Now what do you think we better do?"

West moved his arms in an effort to restore circulation.

"How many with you?"

"Four altogether—hard boiled, too—five with you. Is there any fight left in you, old man?"

"I'll say there is; I'd certainly like to get in one clip at 'Red' before the fracas is over."

"That sounds vicious. Now, who is inside?"

"I saw five, and there may be others. If the crew of the Seminole are here also, that would make quite a bunch."

"I don't think they are, Captain. The station agent said several men bought tickets to Chicago early this afternoon. It is the real gang we've got cornered. Do you know just who they are?"

"Those I saw were Hobart, 'Red' Hogan, the girl, a big fellow they called Mark who was on the yacht—"

"Mark Sennett; he's Hogan's sidekick, and tough as they make 'em."

"And a little black-haired devil by the name of Dave."

"It—I, is he in this too? That must be 'Dago Dave.' That guy would cut your throat for fifty dollars. Any others?"

"Those were all I saw. No doubt Hobart's wife is in the house somewhere, guarding Natalie Coolidge probably."

"Six altogether, counting the women."

"Yes, and you better count them, for they will fight like tigers. The girl held me up at the point of a gun."

"We've got to get the drop first, that's all. They're yellow, the whole outfit is yellow. Shootin' in the back is their style. Now, you know the lay inside the house; what is our best chance?"

West studied over the situation, his eyes staring into the darkness, and McAdams waited.

"Well, Mac," he said finally. "This is a new job for me, but I'd put a man out in front, and then take the others in through the back door. We'd have to rush it, of course. I know the front

door is locked, and it couldn't be broken down quickly. I listened when those fellows went back, and I heard no click, as though they had locked the door, behind them. They don't know anybody has been after them except me, and they believe I am done for. They feel so safe out here, they are a bit careless. I'll wager something we can walk straight in on the outfit; how does that strike you?"

"As the only feasible plan. Let's crawl out of here."

The arrangements were quickly perfected; a short, whispered conference in the dark; then one man crept silently away through the night toward the front of the house. McAdams added a few more words of instruction to the others, and, with West slightly in advance, revolvers drawn and ready, the five stole forward in the direction of the rear porch. The windows were either heavily curtained, or covered by outside shades, for no gleam of light was anywhere visible. West mounted the back steps silently, with McAdams close at his heels. A second later the entire bunch of officers were grouped before the door, poised breathless, listening for any sound from within. Nothing broke the impressive silence, and McAdams' hand closed over the knob, which he turned slowly. The door opened quietly into a darkened interior. For an instant he bent forward, peering through the narrow crack, endeavoring to learn what lay hidden beyond, the others quivering behind him. There was scarcely the sound of a breath audible. The detective hesitated; such luck, such carelessness on the part of criminals seemed almost uncanny; he half suspected some trap. Then he became convinced that this was only the result of recklessness—the fellows felt so safe in this hidden hole in the woods as to neglect all precaution. He stepped cautiously inside, leaving the door ajar for the others to follow. Then they paused—straight ahead a double swinging door divided the kitchen in which they were from another room beyond. Through the center crack shone a single bar of light, barely visible, and forth through that same orifice came the sound of a voice speaking. McAdams flung up his hand in signal, and then crept silently forward.

It was apparently a quarrel among thieves over the spoils, each fearful lest the other was double-crossing. Hobart and "Red" Hogan were doing most of the talking, although occasionally others chimed in, and once there was a woman's voice added to the debate. Seemingly the whole gang were present; a strong odor of tobacco smoke stole through the crack in the door, and both Hobart and Hogan swore angrily. Who was to remain out there on guard while Hobart and the girl returned to Chicago for the money was evidently the question. Hogan wishing to accompany them to make sure of his share. The woman sided with Hobart, the other men apparently ranged up with "Red," and gave very plain talking was indulged in.

McAdams listened grimly, the light through the crack showing his lips curled in a smile of appreciation. He lowered his head, and with one eye at the slight opening gained a glimpse of the lighted room beyond. A moment, motionless, he stared in on the scene; then straightened up, and, with revolver in hand, signalled to the others to close in closer. They stood there for a tense instant, poised and eager; then the doors were flung crashing back, and they leaped recklessly forward, out of the darkness into the light. It was a furious fight—sharp, merciless, uncompromising. The thieves, startled, desperate, were hurled back by the first rush against the further wall, tables and chairs overturned, the shrieking woman pushed headlong into one corner, and one of the fellows downed by the crushing butt of a revolver. But the others rallied, madly, desperate, rats caught in a trap, fighting as animals fight. Hobart fired, catching an assailant in the arm; Hogan snatched up a chair and struck viciously at West, who leaped straight forward, breaking the full force of the blow, and driving his own fist into the man's face. It was all over within a minute's fierce fighting—the surprise turning the trick. Hobart went down cursing, the gun kicked out of his hand, his arm broken; Hogan, struggling still, but pinned to the floor by three men, was given a blow to the chin which left him unconscious, while the other two threw up their hands and yelled for mercy. McAdams wiped his streaming face, and looked around.

It was a shambles, the floor spotted with blood, the table overturned and broken, a blanket over one of the windows torn down, a smashed chair in one corner. The detective who had been shot was still lying in front of the door, "Red" lay motionless, a ghastly cut over his eye, and Hobart, his arm dangling, sat propped up against the wall, cursing, malcontent, but helpless. On the other side stood Sennett and "Dago Dave," their hands high above their heads; each looking into the leveled barrel of a gun. The woman had got to her knees, still dazed from the blow which had felled her. The ex-service man smiled grimly, well satisfied.

"Some surprise party, eh, Jim?" he asked pleasantly. "This rather puts a crimp in your little game. I would say, old boy, going to cop the whole hoodle tomorrow, was you?"

"Who the hell are you?"

"Well, if I answer your questions, perhaps you will answer mine. I am McAdams of the City Hall station, Chicago, and I know exactly what I am here after. So the best thing you guys can do, is cough up. Who's that girl who has been working with you?"

Hobart glared sullenly, but made no response.

"You'll not answer?"

"Oh, go to hell!"

"All right, old top. She is in this house somewhere, and can't get out. Sober, look around a bit; try behind those curtains over there."

The officer stepped forward, but at the same instant the draperies parted,



Hogan Snatched Up a Chair and Struck Viciously at West.

and two girls stood beside each other in the opening, framed against the brighter glare of light beyond—two girls, looking so alike, except for dress and the arrangement of their hair, as to be almost indistinguishable. Natalie white faced, frightened, gazing with wide-open eyes on the strange scene before her; the other smiling and audacious, her glance full of defiance. It was the voice of the latter which broke the silence.

"Am I the one you want, Mr. Bob McAdams?" she asked clearly. "Very well, I am here."

McAdams stared at them both, gulping in startled surprise at the vision confronting him, unable to find words. Then his eyes fixed themselves on the face of the speaker.

"What!" he burst forth. "You, Del! Great Scott! your name was Hobart, wasn't it? Why, I never once connected you two together. Is—is this guy your father?"

"I don't know about that," she returned indifferently. "It is a matter of argument I believe. However, Bob, what's the odds now? I am the one you're after, Mister Fly-Cop; and here I am."

She walked forward, almost proudly, her eyes shining, and gazing fearlessly into his. He stepped back, one hand extended.

"No, Del, this must be a mistake. I—I can't believe it of you, you—you are not a crook."

"Oh, yes I am," she insisted, but with a tremor in the low voice. "I've never been anything else, honey boy—thanks, thanks to that thing down there."

Natalie still remained poised uncertainly in the doorway, scarcely realizing what was occurring before her; she saw suddenly a familiar face, and held out her hands.

"Oh, Matt, what is it?" she cried.

"Is—is it all over?"

"Yes, all over dear; these are police officers."

"And that—that girl? She looks so much like me. Who is she? Do you know?"

West clasped her hands tightly, his voice sunk to a whisper.

"She is your sister, Natalie," he asserted soberly, "your twin sister."

Her unbelieving eyes swept to his face.

"My sister; my twin sister! But I had none."

"Yes, but you did," he insisted gently. "You never knew it, but Percival Coolidge did. This was his devilish scheme, plotted years ago when you were born. Now here is the end of it—the girl is your sister. There is no doubt of that."

"No doubt, you say! My sister!" Her head lifted, and there was a flame of color in her cheeks. "My sister!" she repeated, as though she would thus make it seem more true. "Then I will go to her, Matthew West."

She loosened the clasp of her fingers and walked forward, her eyes misted with tears. Straight across the room she went, her hands outstretched to where the other shrank back from her in embarrassment—between them still the gulf which love must bridge.

[THE END.]

Clown.

Chew Chew, a health clown, makes the rounds of New York city schools, spreading the gospel of fresh air, proper food and cleanliness.

With him is his little dog, Creamo, whose stunts include pawing his face as if washing when asked what he does in the morning.

The school children are going wild about Chew Chew and Creamo. They are absorbing health facts, because the presentation is made in an interesting way. And they will remember the health clown and what he taught, in their old age.

Making school interesting is the greatest problem of education. People in this gorgeous civilization remember interesting things, forget the uninteresting.

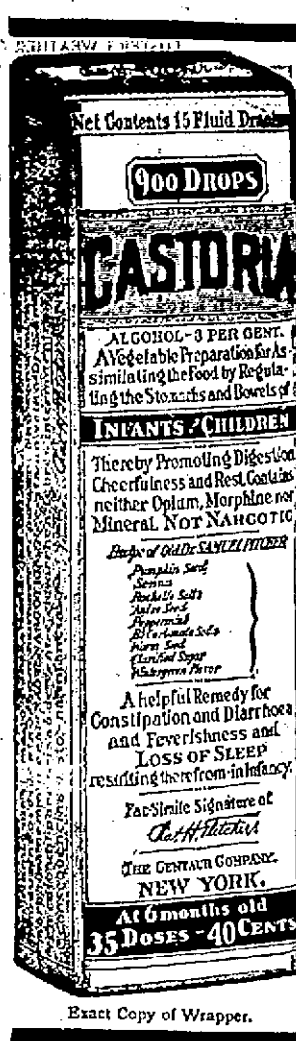
Fish Eradicates Scarlet Fever.

The Mexican version of "have you a little fish in your home" is "have you a little fish in your home?"

This arises from the use of a peculiar fish, of the mammalian species, that eats the mosquitoes and "scorpions" in water, thus preventing the spread of yellow fever. All bodies of water in the city are stocked with the fish, which are provided by health authorities. In this way the mosquitoes are kept down and yellow fever almost eradicated.

Serviceable Lingerie.

Much of the snappy new lingerie comes in pongee. Sometimes it is trimmed with colorful bands or with applications of floral designs, but now often it is trimmed only with



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Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria

Always Bears the Signature of

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CASTORIA

RED CROSS WINNING IN FIGHT FOR HEALTH

Better, Stronger Citizenry Now Emerging Out of Work in United States.

The American Red Cross as an evangelist of better health has looked its problem square in the face. How it accepted the task revealed to it in the nation's physical condition as brought out during the World War, and conscientiously applied its activities to correction forms a vivid chapter in the forthcoming annual report. Historically and practically, nursing is a basic work for the Red Cross. In its public health nursing service, in instruction in home hygiene and care of the sick, nutrition classes, first aid and life saving courses and health centers, the American Red Cross is applying effectually the lessons learned during the war and making for a healthier, stronger and better nourished citizenry.

The task of the Red Cross Public Health nurse in the 1,240 nursing services now operating throughout the country instructing their communities in health essentials and disease prevention is demonstrating the possibilities of human betterment and the great benefits of enlightenment.

During the last year 313 new public health nursing services were established by Red Cross Chapters, and several hundred services so convincingly proved their effectiveness that they were taken over by public authorities. In order to promote this work \$30,000 was allotted to provide women to prepare themselves for public nursing. The home visits made by the 1,240 nurses aggregated nearly 1,500,000 visits to schools numbered 140,000, and in six months 1,250,000 school children were inspected by these nurses and where defects were found advised examination by physicians. In rural communities this service has made a very marked advance and has won thousands of converts to approved methods of disease prevention.

In home hygiene and care of the sick instruction, which fits the student in methods of proper care where illness is not so serious as to require professional service, the Red Cross conducted 3,884 classes during the last year, enrolled 2,350 instructors, 93,448 students and issued 42,953 certificates.

On June 30, 1922, nutrition service embraced 1,192 classes, with a total of 27,623 children and 2,589 enrolled dietitians. Seventy-eight food selection classes graduated 733 who received Red Cross certificates. In general health activities Red Cross Chapters maintained 377 health centers, serving as many communities, provided 33,751 health lectures for large audiences everywhere, while clinics numbered over 10,000.

A new terror has been added to continental traveling. A recent report from Constantinople states that the beggars of Stambul have formed themselves into a trade union, says London Answers.

The members go to work quite methodically. Each morning they hold a meeting in the open space in front of the Bayazid Mosque—they cannot afford other offices, although some of the members are said to be rich—and here they discuss the business of the day. Then after the agenda has been read and approved, the brothers in beggary disperse, and get about the business of collecting alms.

Just as other trade unions forbid their members to work for less than certain prescribed wages, so the beggars are not allowed to beg for any sum less than one hundred paras. Any smaller gift is spurned as detrimental to their dignity.

Red Cross Gains Strength in All Foreign Fields

In insular possessions of the United States and in foreign lands the American Red Cross scored heavy gains during the last year, passing the previous membership high mark of 1918 by 4,281 and advancing the figure to 158,408. The Philippines take the lead, gaining nearly 100 per cent, now having 113,917 members. In Europe the 1921 Roll Call enrolled 11,125, with the Constantinople Chapter reporting 665, a gain of 83 members. China was 1,782 members, a gain of 590; the little Virgin Islands have 1,000, while the Dominican Republic with 2,027 advanced from its previous high mark by 1,493 new members. Haiti, organized in 1920, now has nearly 1,600 enrolled. Mexico reports 354, a gain of 327 in one year. The American Red Cross has spread its membership over some 70 foreign lands and its Junior membership outside of the United States is close to 700,000.

Red Cross Water First Aid Makes Life-Saving Gain

More than 325 Chapters engaged in life saving or water first aid last year with the result that the American Red Cross Life Saving Corps has set a new high mark for enrollment and the number of qualified life savers developed. The influence of "learn to swim week" in many localities is reducing the water fatalities through instruction and the wider dissemination of resuscitation methods demonstrated by the Red Cross representatives. Excellent work has been done in teaching a large part of the American population how to take care of itself in the water. Growing appreciation for this Red Cross Life-Saving Service is shown by the compulsory instruction adopted in many cities for members of the police and fire departments in the prone pressure method of resuscitation.

Help to Help Others

You can't "give until it hurts"—for giving an American dollar to join the American Red Cross helps you to help others who are hurt and who need relief.

Early Crusaders Used Stills.

Few prohibitionists, says the Scientific American, are aware of the shocking fact that the vogue of the still in Europe was due to the original Crusaders, who took kindly to this eastern vacation and brought back with them recipes and methods that made the still as popular an institution as the royal jester—and doubtless helped along democracy by making it hard at times to distinguish the king from the clown.

Sequence and Consequence.

As showing how the combination of drink and driver works out, we give the terse report of Bea Quinn, an Indian of Kansas. He said: "First mile too slow took drink of booze; next mile faster, took another drink, last mile very fast, took another drink; then saw bridge in road, turned out for it."

Ben is now in the hospital with a broken arm.—Boston Evening Transcript.

Growth of Hair After Death.

Some apparent growth of hair occurs after death because of the stretching of the skin but no actual growth takes place.

An Early Death.

Early death is the result of the marriage of a bride and a bridegroom exchange their views.—Boston Transcript.

Special Bargains

Call and Winter Woollens.

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in a foreign or domestic fabric at 6 per cent. less than our regular prices. What we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 26. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN,

184 Thames Street

NEWPORT, R. I.

NATURE KEEPS HER SECRET

Chemists Have Never Even Able to Satisfactorily Determine the Composition of Wood.

Wood, with which the ancient Britons used to stain themselves, is grown in that part of Lincolnshire, England, which abounds with dykes and windmills, and along the borders of Cambridgeshire. It allowed to go to seed the wood weed often grows to three and four feet in height and has a pretty yellow flower.

The first crop of tender green shoots is picked in July or August, and during the harvest men and women are to be seen creeping along the fields on their hands and knees all day long.

The shoots are put into large wicker baskets and sent to a factory, of which there are three or four in that part of the country. When they arrive they are squashed into pulp and allowed to ferment. Later they are made into balls and dried.

These balls remain drying for several weeks and are then broken into pieces and stirred for a lengthy period. Eventually they produce a coarse, powderlike substance, deep blue in color. Lastly the powder is dyed, stored in vats and sold to drapers and manufacturers of woollens and other articles of apparel.

The enduring blue of the policeman's uniform is obtained from wood, and, though it is an expensive dye at the outset, it is the cheapest in the long run.

Chemists have tried hard to fathom this secret of nature, but without success; and it is doubtful if the industry would continue to exist but for the official desire to procure uniforms that are durable and of fast color.

HAS RULED FROM BEGINNING

That Japanese Royal Family Has No Name Is Proof of Assertion Long Put Forward.

In the peaceful and isolated community it is probable that at first no family had any special line of occupation to follow. It was when the community had made some progress that division of labor was introduced. It is clear from many myths that family names in Japan were taken from the occupations followed. When many families came to follow the same occupation then the necessity arose for giving distinctive names to the different families. Of the ruling family, however, there was only one, and as it had no occupation as other families did it had no name. Nor was there any occasion for giving it a distinctive name; it sufficed to call it by an honorific name. It was and is only when a member of the imperial family sets up a branch family that a distinctive name is given.

Japan furnishes the solitary instance where the ruling family has no family name. In England, Italy, Holland and other countries those who already had family names acquired influence and ascended to the throne. That the Japanese ruling family has no name is a clear proof of the contention that Japan has been ruled by the same family from the beginning. Had there been any revolution at any time in the history of Japan—that is to say, had the first ruling family been supplanted by another—the present imperial house would have a name of its own.—Chicago Journal.

Sea Lions Invade a Lighthouse.

The keeper of Bride's Island light, below Cape Flattery, has appealed to the federal authorities in Tacoma for weapons and help. No sooner does he open his door than sea lions force their way into the house and make free with his possessions. At night they surround the place, barking for admittance, until sleep is impossible. One big fellow amuses himself by climbing the exterior steps to the light, to plunge headlong into the sea. To kill one would only attract more, for the smell of putrefying meat is an irresistible attraction.—Scientific American.

Invents "Ideal" Explosive.

A Minnesota inventor has compounded an explosive which has demonstrated remarkable qualities in recent experiments. While appearing to have great disruptive powers if closely confined, as in a shell or drill hole, it can be exploded only by means of a blasting cap or electric detonator. It is reported to give off no noxious fumes, that it will not explode when heated to 212 degrees Fahrenheit, that it will not freeze, and that it cannot be accidentally exploded by shock.

World's Largest Boiler.

A boiler capable of heating 1,000 eight-room houses has just been placed in operation in Detroit. It measures 13 by 26 feet inside, and the height from the grate bars to the top of the pipe coils is 35 feet. It can turn 100,000 pounds of water into steam in a single hour, requiring 12 tons of coal to accomplish this feat.

Water Lilies as Food.

From the Iowa conservation board comes the suggestion that we grow water lilies as a staple article of food. It is claimed that the lily, when peeled and boiled, is as farinaceous and as useful as the potato.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

ELECT THESE ABLE MEN

Republican Party of Rhode Island Has Nominated Ticket Which Insures a Clean Business Administration. Gross for Governor Meets With Widespread Approval. Beeckman for Senator Fulfills Popular Demand for More Active Representation in the United States Senate.

FOR A CONTINUATION OF PROGRESSIVE GOVERNMENT VOTE FOR THESE CANDIDATES



R. LIVINGSTON BEECKMAN

Candidate for United States Senator

R. Livingston Beeckman was for six years Governor of the State, gaining for himself the distinction of being probably the best Chief Executive Rhode Island ever had. Previous to that he served in both the House of Representatives and the State Senate, introducing several laws that proved of immense benefit to the people in general. Among these were "The Workmen's Compensation Act," "The Juvenile Court Act," "The Parole Act," "The Inheritance Tax Act," and several others equally well known. When he assumed the office of Governor he insisted on the installation of a fiscal system which resulted in turning a deficit of a quarter-million dollars into a balance of a million and a half.

The remarkable legislative record of Mr. Beeckman might well be taken as an augury of what can be expected of him if he is elected to the Senate.

Mr. Beeckman stands squarely behind President Harding in his efforts to make effective the constructive program he has prepared.



CLARK BURDICK

Candidate for Congress, First District

Clark Burdick, of Newport, who is a candidate for re-election in the First Congressional District, has served two terms in Congress and when re-elected will be the dean of the Rhode Island delegation in the National House of Representatives, as the other two nominees are new men.

Congressman Burdick, who was Mayor of Newport during the war, was first elected to Congress in 1918 by a plurality of 2022 votes and was re-elected in 1920 by a plurality of 18,479.

He is immensely popular with the voters of the First District on account of his record of loyal and efficient service in Washington. As a member of the House Committee on Naval Affairs he has fought strenuously to protect the interests of the Naval and Torpedo Station, the War College and other Government institutions in and around Newport. He has persistently opposed the recommendations of naval heads in Washington that the Government stations at Newport be reduced and his training and experience of the past four years will render him invaluable in Washington for the next two years in preventing any new departmental moves in this direction.



HAROLD J. GROSS

Candidate for Governor

If coincidences are in any way reliable, Harold J. Gross will surely become the next Executive of Rhode Island. He was born the same day as Mr. Beeckman, and if the opinion of those who profess to find merit in horoscope readings is of any value, he should follow in the steps of the former Governor to the gubernatorial sanctum.

Mr. Gross is one of the State's most successful business men, being the head of the real estate firm of G. L. & H. J. Gross, as well as the president and director of several corporations within and outside Rhode Island. It would be expected of him that he would apply the same principles to the office of Governor that made him so successful a business career. In 1920 and 1922 he has served as Lieutenant Governor, and all those with whom he has come in contact, either in an official or personal way, can attest to the courtesy and consideration Mr. Gross always displays.

Mr. Gross' conception of public duty is well exemplified when, in 1904, he was a Police Commissioner in the city of Providence. His influence on the Board at that time set a high standard that has been rigidly adhered to since.



JAMES E. DOOLEY

Candidate for Lieutenant Governor

James E. Dooley, the candidate for Lieutenant Governor, while not old in years, is old in the experience of "state-craft." In 1908 he was clerk of the National Monetary Commission at Washington, of which the late Senator Aldrich was chairman. This was while Mr. Dooley was studying law at Georgetown University, from which institution he graduated in 1911. In 1912 he became a member of the Rhode Island Bar, and was also Reading Clerk of the State Senate.

Mr. Dooley was Judge of the Eighth District Court in 1916. In 1918 he became Town Solicitor of Johnston, in which position he still serves.

As an indication of the high esteem in which he is held, several receptions held in his honor recently were attended by those of almost every degree of society. He is a friend of the lowly, as well as those who have reached the higher stations of life, and all are a unit in wishing him success in the office to which he aspires.



RICHARD W. JENNINGS

Candidate for General Treasurer

Richard W. Jennings is just finishing his fourth year as General Treasurer. Since his advent in this office he has installed methods which have put the financial business of the State on a systematic basis, wherein it is possible on a moment's notice to find out the merest detail about the State's finances.

Mr. Jennings has held public office for a good long period, having been a member of the House of Representatives for over six years, during a part of which time he was the majority floor leader and deputy speaker of that body. He was also executive secretary to former Governors D. Russell Brown and George H. Utter, and has served on several important commissions. Mr. Jennings started his career as a newspaper man, and during his leisure time took up the study of law. In 1905 he was admitted to the Rhode Island Bar and was a practicing attorney until his appointment as General Treasurer.

IN the columns above the record of former Governor R. Livingston Beeckman, candidate for United States Senator from Rhode Island, is briefly outlined, but the resume is sufficient to indicate the type of representation he will give our State in Washington when elected.

Mr. Beeckman has been in Rhode Island public life 14 years. In and out of office he has shown a devotion to high principles of service to the commonwealth and the promotion of its highest ideals. He has always been eager to serve the interests of her people and to protect her industries. Nationally, he has always had a broad conception of America's place in international affairs and the underlying principles laid down to us by the founders of the greatest of all republics. While for America first and opposed to entangling alliances he has always stood for those principles of international cooperation so splendidly demonstrated in the Disarmament Conference of 1921, so admirably brought about by President Harding.

Before casting their ballots on Election Day, Rhode Island citizens need to reflect upon the kind of representation given them in Washington by Peter G. Gerry. Mr. Gerry has been a Wilson Democrat throughout. He voted blindly for the League of Nations, following out the dictates of his autocratic chief, even when it came to Article X. He believed with Wilson that England should have six votes to our one. Nor is there any indication that he has changed his mind today, although ex-President Wilson and the League of Nations were repudiated by patriotic citizens in November, 1920, by a plurality of seven million votes.

The affable young gentleman from New York, who is listed in the latest New York telephone directory as "PETER G. GERRY, 256 Broadway," is not a Rhode Islander by birth, interest or association. His record in the Senate has been negative.

Therefore, to give our State active representation in Washington, it is necessary to vote for Mr. Beeckman.



J. FRED PARKER

Candidate for Secretary of State

J. Fred Parker has been Secretary of State since 1900, and since that time he has seen the office grow from a small department into the biggest one of the State. The experience gained by him in this branch of the State's work has been the result of his thirteen years' experience. No successor to him could be elected who would begin to have the competency that this long period of service has given him. The courtesy and consideration given those who have to do business in his office has been appreciated, and it would, indeed, be poor judgment if he were not returned to this position.



HERBERT A. RICE

Candidate for Attorney General

Herbert A. Rice, first elected Attorney General in 1912, has earned for himself a most enviable career in this office. The duties of a chief prosecutor are such that he is called upon to exercise a more than usual degree of care in the preparation of his cases. Mr. Rice, in the routine of his office, has been pitted against some of the ablest lawyers of the country in certain celebrated cases, and his remarkable ability is reflected in the successful termination of them.

Two years ago when arguing before the full bench of the Supreme Court at Washington, the brilliant answers given to the questions of the learned judges demonstrated that he possesses an analytical mind of unusual keenness.

As may be observed from a survey of the records of the candidates, the Republican Party has nominated a State ticket of unusual promise and one that insures a clean, business administration. Harold J. Gross of Providence was chosen for Governor and James E. Dooley was nominated for Lieutenant Governor in a convention which, as everybody knows, was dominated by young, active, Republican men and women. The same convention, recognizing that Attorney General Herbert A. Rice, Secretary of State J. Fred Parker and General Treasurer Richard W. Jennings are men whose careers as efficient public servants recommends them for the approval of all fair-minded men and women of the State, accredited to these efficient State officers its unanimous approval.

This is a ticket, then, of progressive and active potentialities. The question every voter must ask himself is: "Do I want to risk making a change from men of this type to a lot of blantly promising office seekers now running on the opposition slate, not one of whom, from past record, has shown qualifications sufficient to recommend their election to offices of such importance and trust?" There is little doubt what the answer will be.

The Republican party has always given the people of Rhode Island a business administration. The roads of the State, mile for mile, are in better condition than those of any other State in the Union. In order to settle this question for himself, any man who owns a car need only to travel through neighboring States or through the States of the South to have his fact brought home to him with uncomfortable force and significance.

The finances of the State never have been in better condition than they are today. Bonds of the State of Rhode Island are selling above par and at the remarkably low interest rate of 3 1/2 per cent. and this, too, in the face of tremendous expense for the promotion of education and health, the relief of unemployed veterans, the maintenance and improvement of the penal and charitable institutions and the construction of highways of an advanced type.

Sober citizens of Rhode Island are not calculated to leap in the dark after reviewing such a record of achievement as this and considering the high type of candidates afforded for their vote on November 7th. The return of the Republican Party to power in Rhode Island is vitally necessary.

Put Your Cross in the Circle Under the Eagle

CONDENSED CLASSICS

VIRGIL'S AENEID

Condensation by
Prof. William Fenwick Harris

AENEAS and The Man of Destiny are the subject of Virgil's story, in which he portrays the birth of a nation.

The author goes far back into history as Homer told it, to find a national hero for his people.

In Homer, Aeneas stands alongside Hector as one of the greatest champions of Troy. When the city falls he is one of the few Trojans to escape destruction. With his venerable father Anchises on his shoulders, his son held by the hand, and his wife following, he makes his way to the shore and takes ship with a large company of his following to seek a new land and found a new kingdom. But he has hanging over him the inveterate hostility of the goddess Juno, the persistent foe of all that was Trojan. It is at this point that Virgil takes up the tale of his Man of Destiny. After the fashion advised by Horace, he plunges into the midst of things.

After some six years of wandering Aeneas sets sail for Italy, after he has lost his father in Sicily. His wife had long since perished. At Juno's orders the god of the winds sends forth a tempest which drives the ships to Africa. His mother, the goddess Venus, does her best to make up for the harshness of Juno, foretells to him the greatness that lies in store for him and his race, and directs him to Carthage, the rising city of Queen Dido. Happy chance brings the hero and the queen together, a generous and kindly hospitality follows, the over-wealthy Venus produces in place of Aeneas' son Ascanius her own mischievous Cupid. The queen of Carthage can no more resist.

A regal entertainment is set before the visitors in a scene of vast magnificence. At the end of the banquet the queen demands his story from the royal wanderer, just as King Alcinous had asked the same from Odysseus. With all the magnates of her court gathered around, with Aeneas' companions as well, the queen founding the little Ascanius in her arms—remember that roguish Cupid was playing the part—the prince began the famous tale of the last night of Troy, the stratagem of the wooden horse, the story of Laocoon, and all the rest, to which follow his own escape with his people, and his many years' wanderings, his meeting with Andromache in Epirus, and all the events that had taken the six years of his life.

Then follows the famous fourth book of the Aeneid, the great story of the passionate love of Dido for the Man of Destiny. The queen's confession of her love to her sister, the great hunting party for her lover's entertainment; the storm that separates the hunters and drives the royal pair to a cave alone; the queen's tenderness; and then the flight of the plumed Aeneas; the queen's entreaties; the portrayal of all the passion of a slighted woman; and finally her own self-inflicted death as the hero flees to a higher duty—it is splendidly done. For the hero as an individual there can be nothing but the most perfect contempt. His only excuse is that he is the Man of Destiny; individuals must play a subordinate role in the great drama of a race.

For the modern world the interest in the Aeneid grows less after the great tale of Dido's passion is told. The Trojans set sail for Italy once more, and once more are driven to Sicily. There the prince celebrates great funeral games on the anniversary of his father's death, after the fashion of those which Homer pictures Achilles celebrating in honor of the dead Patroclus. The Trojan women, weary of the long wanderings, try to burn the ships, but are only partly successful. Aeneas leaves them and all who wish to tarry, and at last reaches Italy, where he makes the famous descent to the lower regions to consult his father; he perhaps, after the episode of Dido, feels the need of being told again of the great destiny of himself and his race. The journey is, of course, in imitation of Odysseus' descent to Hades, and was the great model for Dante.

Aeneas journeys on to the mouth of the Tiber and forms an alliance with King Latinus, which includes marriage with the king's daughter, Lavinia. If the reader is inclined to murmur: "What, again? Naughty man!" the answer is that good Aeneas has been under the burden from the first of being the Man of Destiny, and the union with the daughter of King Latinus is to produce the Latin race. But not without a final struggle on the part of the jealous Juno, who raises up enmity under the leadership of Turnus, one of the suitors for the hand of Lavinia. He can compete with fate no more successfully than could poor Dido, and after glorious battles perished in single combat at the hand of the Man of Destiny.

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her that soon, perhaps, on the morrow, his duty demanded that he inform Sir Leicester of his wife's former disgrace. "I am quite prepared," she said icily, as he started for home. But, with an inward fire consuming her, she would walk in the garden for an hour or more, she told a dunkey. No, she would need no further escort. The next morning London rang with

the news that the great lawyer, Mr. Tulkington, the trusted solicitor of nobility, the impregnable guardian of family confidence, had been found by terrified servants in his chamber in Lincoln's Inn Fields lying face downward on the floor, shot through the heart.

Oh, with what fear I heard this. If—but then came the newspaper report that Mr. George, a fine and hearty ex-soldier, who had been heard to threaten Mr. Tulkington, because the lawyer had squeezed him financially, and who had been seen at Lincoln's Inn Fields on the night of the murder, had been arrested, charged with the crime. But why? The mystery was not solved. It seemed, Mr. Bucket, I found, was still on the trail of—some one. Then one day Mr. Bucket told my lord that it was not the soldier who had killed Mr. Tulkington, but a woman. And he went on with all the story of my mother's early disgrace with Captain Hawdon, and how Mr. Tulkington had discovered it, threatening her with exposure; how my lady had been seen going out on the night of the tragedy and how a veiled woman had been noticed near the lawyer's rooms at the same time. "It is my duty to tell you this," said the detective, "to prepare you for the revelation I am about to make. Others know of it; you must." Then in was brought, moreover, my lady's discharged French maid (who hated my lady and hated Mr. Tulkington still more because he had refused to pay her hush money on account of the misquoting scene before Jo), and Mr. Bucket proved her guilty of the murder and arrested her on the spot. But they left my lord stricken with paralysis, his proud figure beaten to the earth.

Next I heard that my poor mother had fled the great London mansion, leaving a letter for Sir Leicester confessing her youthful shame, but protesting her innocence of the murder. "Full forgiveness; find—!" wrote the baronet on a slip for Mr. Bucket. Then began the strangest chase that was ever known. Bucket came for me, and we left the inspector's office in London before two of the morning in a barouche with postilion and post horses. Mr. Bucket seated on the box. A wild, uncanny ride it was, down by the waterside, over the London bridges, crossing and recrossing the dark river; out of the empty city streets into the country white with snow. On and on with little rest for two days and more, toiling through the sleety, sloppy roads; scratched a bit of rest here and there; suddenly back to great, roaring London, hot on the scent now, and fetching up on foot at last at the grim gate of the terrible paupers' graveyard where my father was buried. And there on the steps, with one arm creeping around a bar of the gate as if to embrace it, lay mother cold and dead.

But sunshine came again, as it always comes to the young and hopeful. My dear guardian brought it the sooner. I had promised him that I would be mistress of Bleak House some day. He had been kind; I was grateful. I thought Allan Woodcourt, who had been absent from England, had grown away from me. Returning, he had spoken too late. Ah, dear guardian, how did you know, and why did you take me down into Yorkshire so soon to show me a pretty, rustic doll's house of a cottage on pretense of getting my opinion of it as a residence for Doctor Woodcourt who was to settle in those parts? And "Bleak House"? Yes, that was the name over the cottage door. And on that beautiful day, you, my generous, self-sacrificing guardian, gave it to me and me to Allan Woodcourt. Thus was I made the happy mistress of Bleak House. Happy in the knowledge that widowed Ada with her boy was to live at the older Bleak House always. Happy to learn at last that Jarndyce and Jarndyce was devoured by its own costs and that its curse was laid forevermore.

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Interesting Old Bells.
Conversation flagged at a recent dinner. The hostess feared she had committed the social blunder of getting together a number of people who had nothing in common. Suddenly a remarkable thing happened. She rang her bell for the next course, and attention immediately centered on the quaint and beautiful bell—a bronze replica of the Empress Eugenie wrapped in a camel's hair shawl and carrying a very large muff.

In answer to the question as to the history of the bell the hostess told an interesting bell story, confessing the bell was the first of the collection she hoped to make.

The most famous collection of call bells belonged to Mme. Tichoud, a Parisian singer. This collection numbered over 300 bronze brass and French gilt bells, among them reproductions of figures from many nations, and none of them over five inches tall.

Though we may not all aspire to own a collection of bells—or sonnettes as they are called—still an odd one on our table is often a fruitful conversational detail not to be despised.

Like the Noise.
Jud Tinkins says every man is entitled to his own opinion, but most of us would rather get into an argument than enjoy peaceable possession.—Washington Star.

Knowledge Men Claim.
Men will talk of little things and great things as if they knew what things were little and what things were great.—Phillips Brooks.

Among Those Present.
"De big pertaters are allus found on de top o' de heap," philosophized Uncle Ned, "but if it wa'n't fo' de rest of us dere'd be no heap."

The Concealed Accounts

By H. IRVING KING

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Guardian, is there any way I can get rid of my money?" The speaker was Charlotte Lander, twenty-two years old, considered very good-looking by everybody and the most beautiful creature on earth by John Fenton. The place was a lawyer's office and the person addressed was Lawyer Norton. City, New York.

Lawyer Norton looked at his questioner in blank astonishment. He was a heavy, pursey man, with a bald head and side whiskers. His face was stern, but in it there shone a pair of kindly eyes.

"What in the world put such an idea as that into your head?" cried he.

"No, but can I? I mean it."

"Why, I should say, offhand, that there were many ways in which you could get rid of your money—if I would let you. You might throw it off the Brooklyn bridge, or the Battery, if you preferred that place; or you might hand it over to the United Charities."

"The very thing!"

"The United Charities?"

"Nay, look here, Charlotte," said Mr. Norton sharply, "will you stop this sort of talk and tell me just what it is that you are driving at?"

Charlotte blushed, started to cry and thought better of it; looked sheepish, began to play with a pencil on the table before her and, at Norton's abrupt, "Come, out with it," said in a wheedling tone:

"Well, guardian, dear, if I don't get rid of my money I can't be married, there! Now you will let me, won't you?"

"My dear Charlotte," replied Norton, "this is positively childish; be-

looked at his questioner in blank astonishment.

sides being incomprehensible. Since when, pray, was a young woman's fortune an obstacle to her getting a husband? Explain yourself—if you can."

And Charlotte, with a good deal of roundabout verbiage and hesitation and digression, did explain. She was in love with John Fenton and he was in love with her, but John was poor and had scruples about marrying a rich girl. Therefore Charlotte proposed to divest herself of her wealth.

"It's only my hateful money that stands between us and—happiness," she explained. "And I thought it would be so easy to fix that."

"Hum!" said the lawyer. "Hum! And what is this remarkable young man's occupation and address?" Charlotte gave the required address and stated that John was a mining engineer.

"Now look here, Charlotte," said Norton, "I think you are both as mad as March hares. But having dangled you on my knee as a baby, and been your guardian ever since the death of your parents, I will talk with the young idiot of the second part and see what can be done."

Charlotte gave the old lawyer a resounding kiss on his bald forehead and tripped away full of hope. Her guardian never had denied her anything, and she was constantly resorting to him in her perplexities. Her Aunt Matilda, with whom she lived in an old brownstone house in a side street below Madison square, was a dear old soul, but perfectly spineless; a nebulous old maid whom Charlotte simply bewildered.

Lawyer Norton wrote a note to John Fenton requesting him to call at his office at a certain hour next day. John knew that Norton was Charlotte's guardian and foresaw what the interview would be about.

So when Fenton appeared at the appointed time at Lawyer Norton's office he was anything but at his ease. His scruples with regard to Charlotte's wealth rather pleased the old lawyer, who had been somewhat anxious lest some legging wooer who had one eye on the fortune and the other on the girl, should capture his ward's fancy.

"Well, young man," said Norton, "my ward, Miss Lander, informs me that you won't marry her because she is rich."

"Oh, no, not that, exactly, sir," stammered John. "But we both thought that if our fortunes were more equal we could be married now and not have to wait until I had accumulated sufficient money to enable me to—in short, sir, that we ought to be more

equally matched as to income, and that I was unselfishly promised to arrange matters. You must admit yourself, sir, that it doesn't look just right for a poor man to marry a rich girl—now, does it?"

"What's your present salary?"

"Three thousand a year."

"Humph! When I was married I was only getting one thousand."

"But perhaps, sir, you did not marry an heiress?"

"No, I did not. My poor Beatie and I rose in the world together."

"There, sir, that's just what Charlotte and I want to do!" exclaimed John. "You see, I am going down to examine some mines in Mexico and have been promised a share in them. If they turn out all right it will make a rich man of me. I am to get an increase of salary, too. Charlotte and I thought we would like to be married before I go South—if the money part can be arranged—and you have no objection to me."

"I am glad you have come to that at last," replied Norton. "It is rather the custom, you know, before marrying a young lady to speak to her parent or guardian. How much salary do you expect while in Mexico?"

"Six thousand, sir; just double what I am getting now."

"Hum! Well, young man, I am sorry, but I don't see my way clear for my ward to desert herself of her fortune just to gratify a whim. Good-day."

John went out in despair; he flew to Charlotte and they were both in despair.

"We must wait, that's all," they said. But at the end of a week John came to Charlotte filled with a desperate resolve.

"Charlotte," said he, "never mind if you are rich. Hang the money! Let's get married right off."

"But Mr. Fortune Hunter!" cried Charlotte, gayly, "so that is your game, is it? Well, just look here."

And she showed him a letter from her guardian which read:

"My dear Charlotte, I have to inform you that the income from your estate for which I shall account to you until further notice will be \$5,000 a year instead of \$3,000 as heretofore. Your money is invested in securities, and you know that stocks sometimes lose their value. P. L. & O. has gone down to nothing—in practically valueless. Then they danced a merry saraband—with John's increase of salary their incomes would be equal. They were married within the week. Three years passed. John Fenton was a rich man now and able to spend most of his time with Charlotte in New York. Lawyer Norton summoned Mr. and Mrs. Fenton to his office. "I am getting old," he said. "It is time I gave an account of my stewardship. Here, Charlotte, are the accounts—your original fortune and the \$5,000 a year I have been holding back out of your income. I reckon John is rich enough now to match you."

"But, guardian, you said—"

"I said your money was in securities, and that securities sometimes lost their earning power. So they do. I didn't say that yours had. I said that P. L. & O. was down to nothing. So it was. I didn't say your money was in it. Now did I? There, there. Name the next boy after me and settle on him the money I have been holding out on you. I'll add enough more so that if he wants to marry an heiress her guardian won't be forced into concealing her account."

PRIZE MARK TWAIN'S LETTER.

Humorist's Order for Barrel of Siloam Water is Treasured in Small Town of Missouri.

No documentary biography of Mark Twain will have much of a sale in Excelsior Springs, Mo., which does not include a letter written by him in the early '80s ordering a barrel of Siloam water. Excelsior Springs hasn't any proof that Twain ever drank the water, but, just as the folks of the little town of Florida, Mo., will point out to the stranger the place where Samuel L. Clemens was born, and the people of Hannibal will lead him past the house in which the humorist spent his boyhood, so will the old timers of Excelsior Springs take him into the offices of the water company and, with surpassing pride, spread out before him a time-yellowed page which bears the following message:

"Messrs. Fish and Henry—Gents: I have seen the advertisement of your springs. You say the water cures Bright's disease, diabetes, rheumatism, gout, liver complaint, bronchitis and itch. I think that is what the matter with me is. Please send me a barrel of your water expressed C. O. D., and if I like it I will take all you've got."

"Yours truly, MARK TWAIN."

"P. S.—Please give me the dose for an adult."—Kansas City Star.

It Was Her Idea Anyway.

The children were suffering their periodical written examination and all the morning their pens spluttered and scratched.

"Bring me your papers when you have finished," said the teacher.

Little Mary came and handed to her work, with a bright smile.

And the teacher smiled, too, when she read:

"An image is an idle mind with hands."

Imagination.

This power . . . reveals itself in the balance or reconciliation of opposite or discordant qualities: of sameness, with difference; of the general, with the concrete; of the idea with the image; the individual with the representative; the sense of novelty and freshness with old and familiar objects; a more than usual state of emotion with more than usual order; judgment ever awake and steady self-possession with enthusiasm and feeling profound or vehement.—Coleridge.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

HISTORY'S MYSTERIES

THE MISSING MESSENGER

IT WAS on June 14, 1904, that Kent Loomis, brother of F. R. Loomis, the assistant secretary of state, sailed from New York on board the Kaiser Wilhelm II, bearing with him the text of a treaty between the United States and Abyssinia—a treaty concerning which there had been much conjecture and speculation on the part of certain European powers.

Under ordinary circumstances Loomis would have taken his wife and child with him; on this occasion, he considered it best to leave them behind in Parkersburg, W. V., both on account of the fact that he was on a diplomatic mission and because he intended to participate in some big-game hunting after delivering the treaty to King Menelik.

Nothing unusual occurred on the trip until the morning of June 20, the day on which the steamer was due to dock at Plymouth, England. It was then noted that Loomis' seat at the captain's table was empty and a steward was dispatched to find out if he were ill. A few minutes later the steward returned with the news that Loomis' berth had not been occupied and an immediate search of the ship was ordered—but without bringing to light the slightest trace of the representative of the American government.

Several passengers volunteered the information that they had seen Loomis on deck shortly after midnight and William B. Ellis, cabin mate and traveling companion of the missing passenger, declared that his friend's absence from the cabin had not alarmed him because of the fact that Loomis had come in at a fairly late hour on several previous evenings.

British officials at Plymouth and the French officers at Cherbourg repeated the search of the steamer, but in vain. Nothing was missing from the cabin save the suit which Loomis was wearing at the time and even the flat dispatch box which contained the text of the treaty was found concealed beneath a pile of clothing in one corner of Loomis' trunk. Investigation developed the fact, however, that the State department messenger had been in the habit of carrying this box in his pocket and had laid it aside on the previous evening only because it made an unseemly bulge in the dress clothes which he had donned in honor of the captain's dinner.

During the next few weeks rumors of all kinds filled the press on both sides of the Atlantic. Loomis had gone suddenly mad and had been placed in a sanatorium. He had slipped off the steamer at Plymouth disguised as a second-class passenger. He was the victim of a clique of international spies who, harked in their attempt to secure possession of the text of the treaty, were holding him for ransom. He was still confined in the hold of the Kaiser Wilhelm—and so on to the limit of the imaginations of those who like to use fact as a basis for fiction.

But all these reports were set at rest when, on the morning of July 18—just thirty-two days after Loomis had sailed from New York—a body was washed up at Warren Point, about fifteen miles from Plymouth.

Declaring that the body was that of a common sailor, the local police were about to inter it without further ceremony, when, from the watch-pocket of the trousers there dropped a water-soaked bit of pasteboard, upon which was barely discernible the name, "Kent J. Loomis."

Careful examination of the body developed the fact that, under the right ear, there was a circular wound which appeared to have been inflicted before death and a post-mortem examination of the lungs of the dead man showed conclusively that death had been due to the blow which had resulted in this wound, rather than to drowning. The physicians were divided in their opinion as to whether the blow had been delivered by an instrument similar to a blackjack or whether Loomis might have fallen and struck his head against a projecting portion of the ironwork on the steamer. Examination of the Kaiser Wilhelm's log showed, however, that the sea had been extremely calm on the night that Loomis came to his death, and that there had not been enough roll to cause anyone to lose his footing. Besides, there was the evidence of the manner in which the body was clothed. The coat was missing, the collar had been torn partly away and there were other signs of rough treatment before Loomis had struck the water.

It was therefore practically certain that the messenger had been murdered. But who had killed him—and why? Had he been struck down on account of the money he was carrying or because of the treaty? Was his death a forecast of the World war which was to follow twelve years later?

These and all the other questions which surrounded the mystery remain as one of the unsolved riddles of diplomatic intrigue.

A Bit Skeptical.

"Who is the important looking stranger?"

"He styles himself advance guard of prosperity. He is here to address the business men of our town."

"The hotel proprietor doesn't seem to believe he's the advance guard of prosperity. He has just refused to cash the stranger's check."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

The Dull Point.

It is hard work to play with a dull point. Can't do as good a job, either. There is a man downtown that is willing to sell you a new point. That is the way the world's business is kept up. You need the new point; he needs the dollar you pay him for it.—Farm Life.

HISTORY'S MYSTERIES

THE PUZZLE OF THE PEASANT EMPRESS.

ALL the mystery and intrigue for which the East is famous could easily be epitomized in the strange, almost uncanny story of Tsu-Hsi, dowager empress of China, and for years the power behind the throne of the Celestial Empire. Where she came from, how she exerted her almost supernatural power, the way in which she managed to substitute the first cousin of her dead son in the place of the baby emperor, the manner of her death, and the very disposition of her body, are all veiled in a cloud of uncertainty, from which there emerges only the fact that Tsu-Hsi deserves to be ranked with Catherine of Russia as one of the few women who ever completely dominated a vast, half-savage kingdom.

The first that was known of Tsu-Hsi was when she arrived in Peking, unheralded, to take her place in the ranks of the wives of the emperor, Hsien-Feng. Her beauty and her charm attracted the favorable attention both of the dowager empress and the first wife of the emperor, and she was soon accorded the comparative position of honor as fourth wife to the emperor, taking the place of the second wife when the latter died some months later.

Two years after Tsu-Hsi entered the palace she gave birth to a son—a boy who succeeded to the throne upon the death of his father five years later, the first wife of the emperor being childless. Long before this time, however, official Peking was boiling over with gossip as to the origin of the "peasant empress," as she was known on account of the fact that her feet had never been bound. According to one story, she was a slave-girl whose beauty had attracted the attention of the emperor. Another rumor maintained that she had been given to the governor of a southern province, in return for a favor conferred upon her mother, and that the governor, wishing to secure favor in the eyes of the emperor, had sent her to Peking, where she soon ruled the court by virtue of her overpowering personality. A third report, and one which was most generally accepted—was that she was the protégée of Li Hung Chang, who was supposed to have placed her in the imperial palace to further his own ends, knowing that she was the daughter of a Tartar general, a heritage which would have accounted both for her brains and her ability to dominate those around her.

But, no matter what her origin was, high or low, the fact that Tsu-Hsi ruled the imperial palace with a rod of iron is a matter of record, as is the dramatic manner in which she foiled the plot to wreck her power through the murder of her son shortly after he had ascended the throne. The conspiracy was successful, so far as the death of the boy was concerned, but no sooner had he succumbed to a very brief illness than the empress left the bed where his body lay and proceeded at once to another part of the palace, snatching up the three-year-old cousin of the dead emperor, Kwang-Hsu, and presenting him to the assembled mandarins as the new ruler of China—a coup which the empress is said to have engineered by means of threats of personal violence against the mandarins and an oath that she would encompass the death of any who dared oppose her wishes. From this time until the death of Kwang-Hsu, in 1908, Tsu-Hsi was the real head of the kingdom—not only as dowager empress, but as the power which dominated the emperor by means of the lush whenever he showed a disinclination to fall in with her wishes.

As befitted one of the most remarkable women in history, the death of Tsu-Hsi was as dramatic and mysterious as her origin and early history. On November 3, 1908, the court assisted in the celebration of her seventy-fourth birthday—an occasion in which she appeared to be in the best of health. Less than a fortnight later, however, it was announced that the empress had suddenly died and, at the same time, a bulletin was issued stating that the emperor had passed away on the preceding evening. Those familiar with the intrigue surrounding the Chinese court shook their heads wisely and smiled with more than a trace of grimace at the thought of the fate which had overtaken Tsu-Hsi and her protégé.

"The death which she had meted out to others has overtaken her at last," was the popular verdict, but beyond this nothing was discovered. Thus passed, as mysteriously as she had lived, one of the most remarkable characters in history—an autocrat whose birth, life and death were all shrouded in impenetrable mystery.

Still on Outsider.

Long—I dined at my fiancée's home yesterday.

Short—I suppose they regard you as one of the family by now, don't they?

"Not exactly. They haven't reached the point where they shriek at me if I make a spot on the tablecloth."—London Answers.

Some People Are Born Lucky.
North—Did you enjoy the banquet? West—Very much. I wasn't hungry anyway and a telegram called me away just as the speeches started.

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ONE OF MAN'S OLDEST ARTS

Velvet Has Been Made Since the Earliest Days of Which History Has Record.

The art of velvet making was practiced in the legendary days of India. It is one of the oldest of arts, since it was the first imitation of man's first garment, fur. Even after spinning and weaving had become known, the ocellated pelt of the great felines killed in hunting was the dress for important occasions, and the most beautiful of ancient fabrics shows that the ambition of the weaver was to surpass his model and copy the fur of the animal in something finer by far. The discovery of silk substituted soft threads for hair, and the threads took the dye as no fur could take them.

Asia kept the art of velvet making secret for centuries, an exchange states. No one wore velvet but royal personages, and it was for the most part seen only in the processions of the rajahs. Even in these times the Chinese and the Japanese rasp their threads with knives in order to give the tissue the aspect of real fur. Indian velvet rippling with pearls as large as birds' eggs, diamond dewdrops and cloudy, red, coralum, was seen in the processions of the durbar.

The Arabs were the first to exhibit velvet to the lands bordering on the Mediterranean. The first callips were simple, plous, and savage people; they were not tempted by Asiatic luxury. But the Islam that came after the callips drove its roots into the heart of the ancient world and invaded the Arabian lands of the Hindus and the Ganges. The Arabs boasted of their commercial zeal. Their caravans of camels crossed the desert and wound through the mountain passes of Iran, carrying rare tissues, jewels, and perfumes and now and then a carefully protected piece of velvet lay under the folds of a praying rug.

The splendid court of the Abbassids loved the silken pile of fabrics of India. Bagdad was a city of silk and velvet, and the conquerors of Africa and Spain contrasted strangely with the iron-clad warriors of the Cross. In all the ages velvet was held sacred by the Mussulmans. At Medina, in Damascus, and in Stamboul, they employed it to drape the tombs of their callips and their saluts; and when their warriors set out to die upon the fields of battle that part of their trappings that did not gleam was covered with velvet.

Cures Tomato's Ills.

Following our example set in the United States, the British government is aiding an experimental station at Turner's Hill, near London, to eliminate disease in tomatoes. So successful is this station that most of the enemies of the tomato have been vanquished, at an estimated saving to growers of about \$220,000 a year, it is said.

Thirty-five years ago the first glass houses for the cultivation of tomatoes were built in the Chestnut area of the valley of the River Lea, near London. This district now presents a vast array of glass houses, being in the center of a thriving industry.

It sends tomatoes, not only to London, but to the north country manufacturing cities of England, and to the continent. Agents in the Worthing and Chestnut districts make good livings insuring the glass. After one of the heavy hailstorms which occasionally visit the British isles, insurance companies are called upon to disburse large amounts to replace broken panes.

Showy Dress Illegal in Olden Days.

Lace and embroidery were prohibited by order of the general court of Massachusetts in 1634. Many people were tried and punished for wearing ostentatious apparel. In Northampton, in 1670, 38 women were brought up at one time in court for their "wicked apparel." Not only did the law makers and courts try to stop the increase of showy clothing, but also the ministers took up the refrain and preached against the display of finery.

Early, a leading historian of this period, says: "After a while the whole church interfered. In 1679, the church at Andover put it to a vote whether the parish disapprove of the female sex sitting with their hats on in the Meeting-house in the time of Divine Service as being indecent." In the town of Abington, in 1775, it was voted that it was "an indecent way that the female sex do sit with their hats and bonnets on to worship God." Still another town voted it was "the Town's Mind" that the women should take their bonnets off in the meeting and hang them on the pegs."

New Gloves.

The use of lined embroidery is a novelty on gloves. So are velvet linings. One pair of white kid gloves is lined with purple velvet, another of brown kid has a brown lining. Embroidered cuffs are interesting features.

MOLE IS MARVEL OF ENERGY AND POSSESSES INSATIABLE APPETITE



Tests Show Mole Is Carnivorous Animal.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Perhaps no other animal is relatively so strong, does so much hard work in a day, or eats so much in proportion to its size and weight, as the American mole. A mole's appetite seems to be almost insatiable. When held in captivity and given food to its liking, it will sometimes eat more than its own weight in a day. This need for a large quantity of food is probably due to the intense activity of the little animal, for experiments have shown that it may be found at work at any hour of the day or night, whenever its runways require repairing or it is in need of new sources of food supplies.

From the standpoint of food habits, it would seem that moles are chiefly beneficial or at least neutral. Experiments conducted by the United States Department of Agriculture show that the mole is a carnivorous animal, though vegetable matter is occasionally found in its stomach. An examination of the stomachs of 200 moles showed that earthworms and white

grubs form the bulk of the food. Beetles and their larvae and other insects that enter the ground, spiders, centipedes, and cocoons also form a portion. In one stomach were found the remains of 71 small white grubs, in one 250 ant pupae, in one ten cutworms, and in another 12 earthworms. In captivity, moles ravenously eat beefsteak, flesh of birds, fish, or almost any sort of fresh meat, but starve to death when supplied with nothing other than grain and root crops.

The chief damage done by the mole seems to be in tearing up gardens and making unsightly ridges in lawns. Moles have been dealt with in the United States chiefly as a nuisance, but in some European countries they are trapped extensively not only to be rid of them as a pest but also to harvest their pelts. In this country it has been demonstrated that moles are never dormant, that they never hibernate. They may be trapped at any time of the year when the ground is not frozen too hard to permit the working of the trap.

DIFFERENT NAMES IN WHEAT BY-PRODUCTS

Much Confusion Caused by Use of Various Terms.

Shorts and Middlings Are Used Synonymously in Some Sections of Country—Table Shows Styles Used in Many States.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Sectional differences in the use of names for by-products of wheat are often confusing, says the United States Department of Agriculture in calling attention to the terms used in the regions growing the three principal types of wheat. The near North-west, which includes Minnesota, the Dakotas, and parts of adjoining states, grows hard spring wheat; the Southwest, also Nebraska and Kansas, grows hard winter wheat; and the East and states as far west as Missouri and Iowa grow soft winter wheat. Of course, these areas overlap to some extent.

Most of the confusion has been caused by different names for shorts and middlings. In some parts of the country these terms are used synonymously, in others one may be used to the exclusion of the other. Where both are used there seems to be a tendency to apply the term "shorts" to the coarser materials, such as standard middlings, and the term "middlings" to the finer materials, such as red dog flour.

While there often may be considerable differences in the composition of corresponding by-products because of the differences in composition and texture of the wheat and of the slight differences in milling practice, the methods of manufacture in the different milling sections are similar and the following table, read horizontally, shows the names used in the different regions for the same by-product feed:

Northwest	Southwest	East
Standard middlings.	Standard middlings.	Standard middlings.
Flour middlings.	Flour middlings.	Flour middlings.
Red dog.	White shorts.	White middlings.
Wheat mixed feed.	Wheat mixed feed.	Wheat mixed feed.

"Shipstuffs" is a term that has been used in the past for various wheat by-products. It has no very definite meaning, although it seems to apply only to wheat products.

AVOID UNWHOLESOME LITTER

Specialists at Iowa Station Recommend Covering Floor With Finely Cut Alfalfa.

Not many poultry keepers realize the close relation between the condition of the litter in the fowls' quarters and the health of the birds. Poultry specialists at the Iowa station say that unwholesome litter has been known to cause the death of hens and they recommend covering the floor with finely cut alfalfa or clover.

CATER TO MARKET DEMANDS

Some Dealers Won't Handle Very Fat Hens, While Others Carefully Avoid Leghorns.

Some buyers won't touch very fat hens; they claim they can't find a sale for them; others don't want to handle Leghorns. It is a good plan to know which way the local wind blows since much of the profit of the small breeder must come from local sales.

For Outdoor Wear.

There are pretty stockings of blue flecked with white, which are suitable for wear with a white skirt and blue sweater. Yellow flecked with white, purple flecked with black and black flecked with white are some of the combinations in silk hosiery.

LACE ON DRESSES

Heavy Gold and Silver Combined With Other Materials.

Hand-Embroidered Nets Also Prominent in Evening Gowns; Beaded Robes Introduced.

Heavy gold and silver laces as well as delicate, chintilly laces are being used in combination with other materials and for entire dresses. Sometimes the lace is used for a crepe back. Again, writes a fashion correspondent in the New York Tribune, it may be in the form of a detachable tunic, which may serve in lieu of a lace cape. Hand-embroidered nets, too, are prominent in the new evening dresses. Green, gold and silver net, elaborately embroidered by hand in the most artistic effects, make up some of the most striking models.

One of the first indications of the splendor of fall attire is the introduction of beaded robes, which the French term tunics. They are perfectly straight of line, being held in at the waist by a string belt. Made of silk, chiffon and tulle, in beautiful colors, they are literally covered with embroidery, done in beads and silk. The bottoms of the skirts are usually cut in deep scallops, the scallops being emphasized by the embroidery pattern. Pearl, crystal and metal beads are used and the designs are those inspired by many different countries.

A feature of the afternoon costume is the simple gown accompanied by an exquisite coat or cape. One costume



Roman in Line Is This Frock of Orchid Crepe, Ornamented in Silver and Black Steel.

recently imported from Paris consists of a black chiffon velvet afternoon coat, lined with geranium red silk crepe, and a dress made of the same material and color as the coat lining. The dress is a straight-line model, having as its only trimming a deep yoke collar of white lingerie embroidered in white.

HAVE TWO DRESSES IN ONE

Unders of Chiffon or Silk May Serve for Afternoon or Evening Wear.

A new note is sounded in the combination of two dresses in one—that is, an unders may be made of chiffon or silk that may serve for dressy afternoon or informal evening wear. Over this is an entirely separate dress made of faille, velvet or duvetyne. The latter serves for a street dress or coat and is usually made in robe manteau style. This is very convenient when one travels and does not find it convenient to change one's dress during the day. When the overdress is removed a complete change of costume is effected.

Sometimes a combination of two colors appears in the unders. For instance, a model of French blue and gray chiffon has an overdress of slate gray faille. Another model of this character has an overdress of navy blue crepe of a heavy weave and an unders of citron yellow and flame-orange chiffon. The overdress is embroidered in machine and hand stitches in gold, blue and red threads, intermingled with small sea shells. Sea shell embroidery will be featured in the smartest clothes for the coming winter.

How He Escaped.

"And you are ninety-five years old," she exclaimed. "How wonderful! You look so well, so strong, so young. How have you managed to do it?" "My method is very simple," the venerable gentleman replied. "I have never let any of my friends know it if I didn't happen to be feeling well, consequently I've never had to take any of the things they would have recommended if they had known I was ailing."—Pickup.

Natural Wonder.

Dorothy for the first time in her young life saw triplets. She stood perfectly spellbound for some time and finally exclaimed: "Oh, mother! Come quick. Look at the twins and a half."

Life Boat to Carry 150.

A motor life boat being built in England will be driven by engines of 150 horsepower and will be able to carry 150 persons, 50 of them in cabins.

DRESS OR OUTDOOR COSTUME



What could be more charming than this knitted costume, either as a dress or an outdoor suit? The choker is a new note from fashion's page, as is the simplicity of the costume as a whole.

FANS ARE GOOD FOR EVENING

Accessory Comes in All Sorts of New Colors; Some of Feathers and Some of Gauze.

Fans are still good for evening, and they are coming in all sorts of new and lovely colors, either made of feathers of some kind or of gauze that is painted in many bright colors. For the simple draped evening gowns, of one flat color and no trimming, a fan is almost an indispensable quantity. It can be used to bring out the color and character of the gown and besides all this it helps to give grace to your figure by providing your arm an excuse to wave about in the air, thereby breaking the continuity of the straight up-and-down line. There are little fans of silver and gilt gauze which are most attractive. They are especially lovely with black velvet draped dinner dresses, where a larger fan might possibly be in the way.

Bracelets of strings of jewels are also lovely for wear with the simpler sorts of evening clothes, and when one carries a fan, the arm with jangling bracelets on it is even prettier than would be the arm that is totally undorned.

Another accessory pertinent to the modern clothes is the pendant to hang about one's neck. The smarter ones are strung on narrow ribbons or cords or on silver and platinum threads. But the pendants themselves are apt to be extraordinarily colorful and often they are very exquisitely carved. There are those of jade in green and white. There are the amber ones and then there are those of ivory and some medallions of filigree silver and gold. Many of the handsomer ones are made of diamonds set in black enamel or in gold and platinum.

LARGE HATS ARE INDICATED

Newest Models Pave Way for Mushroom Fashions; Paris Gives Up Off-the-Face Type.

Just now hats come in for a big share of interest. The late summer trend in Paris has much to do with the defining of the trend for fall. If this works out as the newest models indicate, mushrooms and large hats will hold the field. Paris has long since given up the off-the-face model in favor of the more protective mushroom.

Very large hats will be very smart, and in direct contrast comes the chic little model which Parisians are indulging for afternoon wear and for evening.

These are to be worn as theater hats, when one's attire is informal enough to admit of a hat. Very close fitting they are, just about the size of the head, and they are worked out in the gayest possible colors. Rich metal cloths and embroideries are the favored mediums.

An item of note that comes to us from the Grand Prix races is the return of the becoming tricorne. For the woman who can wear these interesting three-cornered shapes, they are decidedly chic and becoming. For added smartness, one may add a becoming lace veil.

Believe It or Not.

A big game hunter had just returned from the hills and was recounting some of his adventures.

"The most astonishing experience I had," he said, "was when I fired my last bullet at a bear and missed him."

"Did the bear give you a chase?" asked one of the listeners.

"No. You see he knew me by reputation and was so surprised at my missing him that he fainted dead away."—American Legion Weekly.

Making Tibet Known.

Tibet, it is hoped, will not much longer be the land of mystery, nor the outside world a land of the unknown to the Tibetans. They are to be shown, through movies, the world of other men. In exchange it is hoped they will allow films to be taken of the wonders of Tibet. A British Buddhist mission is on the way to Tibet to take the pictures.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

APPROVED BY USE

Words Really Incorrect Properly Part of Language.

Charles A. Dana Unquestionably Right in His Contentions, but He Has Been Overruled.

Charles A. Dana (of the old New York Sun) had no patience with slovenly writing. He knew his Greek and Latin and half a score of other languages so well that the derivation of an English word came to him almost instantly, and he objected to its misuse. The plea that a word was in common use did not appeal to him. He did not heed the dictionary definition. He knew the origin of the word as well as did the maker of the dictionary.

He objected to saying of a middle-aged man that he was in the prime of life, for the reason that "prime" is from the Latin word "primus" which means first. A man in the prime of life must be a very young man, he said, a man in the first part of his life, writes Chester S. Lord in the Saturday Evening Post.

Likewise, he siffered us up one day by criticizing the use of "writter" had made of the word "manufactured" in describing something made by machinery. "Manufacture," he said, "comes from the Latin 'manus,' the hand, and 'facio,' I make; manufacture means to make by hand, not by machinery or in any other way."

He objected to the use of "dexterity" in the sense of skill, adroitness, aptitude, either physical or mental. "Dexter" is the Latin word meaning the right, and correctly speaking, "dexterous movements" means right-hand movements, was the plea.

"Where is your Latin?" he asked a writer who had said that a political convention had endorsed a candidate. "You cannot endorse a man; you endorse a note or a document by writing on its back. 'Indorse' is from the Latin 'in,' on, and 'dorsum,' the back. It is incorrect to use it in the sense of a general approval." Some one spoke up to say that under that strict meaning you might endorse a man by hitting him on the back with a club, and the critical lesson ended in laughter.

These criticisms of Mr. Dana's were made and heated forty or fifty years ago. But like many other words of Latin origin they have come into general use in the ways to which he objected. Usage is amplifying the service of many Latin roots. Is giving them wider and more general meaning. "Dexterous" and "dexterity" have come by common consent to mean alert, nimble, physical or mental service of various kinds. We use the word "manufacture" for the making of anything, by machinery or chemical processes or almost any way. We endorse men's sentiments or conduct, the action of conventions or anything to which we wish to give the stamp of approval.

"Prime" is in constant use to express vigor, beauty, power, fullness of perfection, maturity.

These uses attest the constant change, the expansion of our language. There is less inclination to hold the language to rigidity of root meaning.

Currency Terminology.

Our currency terminology is derived from various sources. The five-cent coin, long designated as a "nickel," because it is of nickel alloy, has in recent years become known as a "jimmy." The dime has a more ancient lineage. Its remote ancestor is the Latin term "decem," signifying ten. In early times this Latin term was adopted in England via France and the Norman conquest. The spelling was corrupted into "disme." In those days the church was supported chiefly by tithes consisting of one-tenth of each man's income, so dime came to be used for the word tithe. Long after the spelling was changed to "dime."

The term "quarter," signifying 25 cents, grew out of a practice of necessity in the early days in the West. There was hardly any fractional currency in circulation. The standard silver coin was the old Spanish pillar dollar. When small change was needed the dollar was taken to a blacksmith shop and cut into halves, quarters and eighths. The eighth fraction of the dollar was so small that it came to be known as a "bit," and that term is still used for one shilling on the Pacific coast.

Stinging Power of Bees.

Only queen bees and workers have the power to sting. The drones can not sting. The stinger is curved, and is carried sheathed. It can be driven into the flesh to a distance of one-twelfth of an inch. After the point enters there is a flow of poison. It is believed that a bee cannot sting a second time because, owing to backward pointing barbs, the stinger is left to the wound. Thus, the bee dies as a result of its vengeance.

Bunyan's Valley of Humiliation.

This Valley of Humiliation is of itself as fruitful a place as any the crow flies over. It is the best and most fruitful piece of ground in all these parts. Behold how green this valley is; also how beautified with hills. I have known many laboring men that have got good estates in this Valley of Humiliation, for "God retrieth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble."—John Bunyan.

Today's Wise Word.

Decision of character is one of the most important of human qualities.

Study in Which Japanese Led.

The Japanese were the first to make a scientific study of earthquakes.

Daily Thought.

Hammer your iron when it is glowing hot.—Publius Lyons.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

Mercury, October 26, 1922.

Died in Boston on Friday, the 18th inst., Abraham Touro, Esq., Merchant, aged 48 years, a gentleman whose urbanity of manners, and hospitable disposition, had secured him the respect and esteem of all who were personally acquainted with him. His death was caused by accident. While viewing the military parade in Boston on the 3d inst., in a chaise, his horse was frightened by the firing of artillery, and became unmanageable, and leaping from the carriage, fractured his leg so severely, that notwithstanding the best surgical aid, mortification set in, which terminated his existence in this world. Mr. Touro was a native of this town. He was a man of liberal means, being one of the great merchants of his day. He left numerous bequests, among which were \$10,000 to the synagogue in this town, and \$5,000, the interest of which is to be applied in keeping the street leading to the synagogue and burial ground in repair.

Mr. Forrest was elected a member of Congress from Philadelphia by a majority of only one vote out of a total of 11,953 votes.

The Philadelphia Gazette of last Tuesday states that so mild and warm had the weather been that peach and cherry trees were then in blossom.

(This issue of the Mercury gives a list of some twenty vessels clearing from this port during the week for foreign ports, and many more arrivals.)

The Domestic Industry Lottery will commence drawing the prizes in ten days. The largest prize is \$10,000. Henry Bull, Christopher Fowler advertise New England rum for sale by the hoghead or barrel, also Taunton gin and Cognac brandy, in quantities to suit purchasers.

Henry Ruggles, Andrew V. Allen, Nathan B. Hammett and John Stevens announce that they have formed a co-partnership and offer for sale at their distillery a constant supply of molasses and New England rum. (How the "thirsty" of today must sigh for those "good old days.")

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Mercury, October 26, 1872.

The firemen's annual review and inspection, which is to take place next Thursday, promises to be a grand affair. The chief and his assistants have laid out a programme which embraces show, duty and pleasure.

Collector Macy has returned from his vacation. He stopped several days at Iowa City, Iowa, where his son is located, and where he is fast becoming popular as a lawyer.

Rev. C. T. Brooks was knocked down on Wednesday by a fractious horse and the wheels of the wagon passed over his legs, but fortunately he escaped with a slight bruise.

The intelligent jurymen who acquitted Mrs. Fair, were supplied with three gallons of whiskey before they set out to deliberate, and were otherwise well provided for.

Rev. E. F. Jones proposes to tell the ladies and gents whom they should marry, in a lecture to be given at the Thames Street Methodist Church on Tuesday evening next. As this is an important question, we should think that he would have a full house.

A case of small-pox was reported in Milburn Court Thursday, and proper precautions have been taken to prevent its spread.

The subscriptions to the Newport Hospital to date amount to \$23,259.95.

Our neighbors of the News try to be funny at our expense. In referring to the cost of running a train of cars, we said it did not cost more than \$5 to run the 10 o'clock train to Fall River from here, and we reiterate it, and would be obliged to our friends to prove that it costs more. (That was fifty years ago. It would not be safe to make such a rash request today.)

A shopkeeper in Paris told a Newporter over there that he considered the Americans as so many walking gold bags come over to be plundered. (He was evidently doing it to the best of his ability.)

The Messrs. Winans of Baltimore and Newport, have sunk a million dollars in building "cigar ships," and yet they are not discouraged.

An English couple were recently registered in a Chicago hotel. The husband stands eight feet high and weighs 485 pounds. The wife is two inches shorter.

We are sorry to learn that there are many children in this city sick with the scarlet fever. It is fortunately of a mild type and but few deaths have as yet resulted from it.

A gentleman in this town has received a patent for a "mechanical movement." We don't know what a mechanical movement is, but presume it is a fashionable lady.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Office of the Clerk of the Superior Court, Newport, R. I.

Newport, Oct. 28, A. D. 1922.

WHEREAS, Mae Dickhaut, of the City of Newport, in said County and State, has filed in this office her petition praying for a divorce from the bond of marriage now existing between the said Mae Dickhaut and William P. Dickhaut, in said County and State, and the said Mae Dickhaut, unknown, on which said petition an order of notice has been entered;

Notice is therefore hereby given to the said William P. Dickhaut, of the pendency of said petition and that he shall appear, if he shall see fit, at the Superior Court to be holden at the Court House in Newport, within and for the County of Newport, on the fourth day of November, A. D. 1922, then and there to respond to said petition.

SYDNEY D. HARVEY, Clerk.

10-25-61

Probate Court of the City of Newport.

Estate of Christine M. Sullivan.

NOTICE is hereby given that Thomas H. Sullivan has qualified as Guardian of the person and estate of CHRISTINE M. SULLIVAN, of full age, of said Newport. Creditors are notified to file their claims in this office within the time required by law beginning October 28th, 1922.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

October 26th, 1922.

Sheriff's Sale

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Newport, R. I., June 10th A. D. 1912.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number 3033 issued out of the Superior Court of the County of Newport, on the second day of May, A. D. 1912, and returnable to the said Court on the 10th day of May, A. D. 1912, and on the 10th day of March, A. D. 1912, in favor of Henry Jennings, of the City of Boston, in the State of Massachusetts, plaintiff, and against Dennis Shanahan, of the City of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, defendant, last 10 have this day at 9 o'clock A. M. sold at public auction, at the Court House in said City of Newport, on all the right, title and interest which the said defendant, Dennis Shanahan had on the 26th day of May, A. D. 1912, at 12 minutes past 1 o'clock P. M. (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to a certain lot or parcel of land, with all the buildings and improvements thereupon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows: Northernly on Prospect Street; Easterly on lands now or formerly of John S. Langley, of said City of Newport; Southernly on Franklin Street; and Westerly on lands now or formerly of the late Joseph M. Hammett, formerly the premises of Nathaniel Langley, deceased, and now the premises of Dennis Shanahan and Patrick H. Hogan. Be all of the said measurements more or less or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

AND

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on real estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office, in said City of Newport, on the 31st day of September, A. D. 1922, at 12 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said Execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

8-26-14

Newport, R. I., September 21, 1922.

For good and sufficient cause, the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the 25th day of September, A. D. 1922, at the same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

9-23

Newport, R. I., September 24, 1922.

For good and sufficient cause the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the 5th day of October, A. D. 1922, at the same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

10-7

Newport, R. I., October 4, 1922.

For good and sufficient cause, the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the 19th day of October, A. D. 1922, at the same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

10-14

Newport, R. I., October 13, 1922.

For good and sufficient cause the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the 20th day of October, A. D. 1922, at the same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

10-14

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Probate Court of the City of Newport.

At a session of said Court holden at Newport, in and for said City of Newport, on the Twenty-third day of October in the Year of our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and Twenty-two, at Ten o'clock in the forenoon.

ON THE PETITION OF Edward Joseph Jarzembowski, of said Newport, in said State, praying that his name may be changed to that of Edward Joseph Jason, it appearing that the reasons given therefor are sufficient, and consistent with the public interest, and being satisfactory to the Court, and no objection being made.

IT IS DECREED that his name be changed, as prayed for, to that of Edward Joseph Jason, which name he shall hereafter bear, and which shall be his legal name, and that by such name he shall be entitled to all the rights and privileges and be subject to all the duties and liabilities he would have been subject to had his name not been changed, and that he give public notice of said change by publishing this decree once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Newport Mercury, a newspaper published in said Newport, and make return to this Court under oath that such notice has been given.

Entered as decree by order of the Court.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

A true copy. Attest:

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Newport October 25th, 1922.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Probate Court of the City of Newport.

At a session of said Court holden at Newport, in and for said City of Newport, on the Twenty-third day of October in the Year of our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and Twenty-two, at Ten o'clock in the forenoon.

ON THE PETITION OF Emily Marian Jarzembowski, of said Newport, in said State, praying that her name may be changed to that of Emily Marian Jason, it appearing that the reasons given therefor are sufficient, and consistent with the public interest, and being satisfactory to the Court, and no objection being made.

IT IS DECREED that her name be changed, as prayed for, to that of Emily Marian Jason, which name she shall hereafter bear, and which shall be her legal name, and that by such name she shall be entitled to all the rights and privileges and be subject to all the duties and liabilities she would have been subject to had her name not been changed, and that she give public notice of said change by publishing this decree once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Newport Mercury, a newspaper published in said Newport, and make return to this Court under oath that such notice has been given.

Entered as decree by order of the Court.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

A true copy. Attest:

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Newport October 31th, 1922.

CUTICURA HEALS CHILD'S ECZEMA

On Cheek, Itched and Burned. Could Not Sleep.

"Eczema broke out in a rash on my little girl's cheek and when scratched it spread and formed sores eruptions. They itched and burned so that even in the daytime she suffered and was very irritable. At night she could not sleep on account of the irritation."

"I sent for a free sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment which helped her so I purchased more and in about one month she was completely healed." (Signed) Mrs. C. B. Albrow, R. F. D. 117, Barrington, R. I., Sept. 28, 1921.

Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum are all you need for every-day toilet and nursery purposes.

Sample Each Free Mail Address: Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. B, Malton, Mass., U.S.A. Send no money. Cuticura Soap shaves without lather.

October 26th, 1922.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

October 26th, 1922.

October 26th, 1922.

October 26th, 1922.

October 26th, 1922.

October 26th, 1922.

October 26th, 1922.

Help Pay Your Painter!

Save in cost of Paint for painting your House; by using

L & M SEMI-PASTE PAINT

To illustrate: JONES paid \$49 for 14 Gallons of "ready for use" Mixed PAINT—SMITH made 14 Gallons of the Best Pure Paint for \$34.60, by buying 8 Gals. L & M Semi-Paste Paint and 6 Gals. Linseed Oil to mix into it. SMITH SAVED \$14.40

Extensively used for 50 years

FOR SALE BY

RALPH R. BARKER, Inc., 99 Spring St.

When you want the best in

QUALITY, WEIGHT

and SERVICE

CALL ON US

Over 40 years of catering to

the grain buying public have

placed us in a position to supply

your every need in that line.

Agents for

H. C. ANTHONY'S

FAMOUS

GRASS AND GARDEN SEEDS

Mackenzie & Winslow

(INCORPORATED)

15 BRANCHES

HAY, STRAW, GRAIN, SALT

SHAVINGS

The T. Mumford Seabury Co

214 Thames Street.

Tel. 787

THE

Newport Gas Light Co

NO

COKE for Sale

AT PRESENT.

Probate Court of the City of Newport.

Estate of Thomas F. Healy, also known as Thomas F. Healy or Thomas Healy

NOTICE is hereby given that Florence Healy has qualified as Guardian of the person and estate of Thomas F. Healy, also known as Thomas F. Healy, or Thomas Healy, of full age, of said Newport.

Creditors are notified to file their claims in this office within the times required by law, beginning October 21st, 1922.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

October 17th, 1922.

TO THE HONORABLE THE PROBATE COURT OF THE TOWN OF NEW SHOREHAM

Respectfully represents William R. Champlin, administrator of the estate of

Christopher E. Champlin,

late of said New Shoreham, deceased:

That certain debts are due from the deceased.

That the personal estate is insufficient to pay the debts of the deceased and it is necessary for that purpose to sell some part of the real estate.

That said deceased, at the time of death, was seized and possessed of an undivided one-half interest in and to a certain parcel of land situated in the central part of the Town of New Shoreham, bounded easterly on Ocean Avenue, southerly upon land formerly of William R. S. Mott, westerly and northerly upon Trim's Pond.

He therefore prays that he may be authorized and empowered to sell the whole of said parcel of land for the purposes aforesaid, with incidental charges.

The above petition will be in order for hearing before said Court on the 5th day of November, 1922.

WILLIAM R. CHAMPLIN, Administrator.

10-24

Probate Court of the City of Newport.

Estate of Anna Simon

NOTICE is hereby given that Marie Butler has qualified as Executor of the will of Anna Simon late of Newport, deceased.

Creditors are notified to file their claims in this office within the times required by law, beginning October 21st, 1922.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

October 19th, 1922.

TO THE HONORABLE THE PROBATE COURT OF THE TOWN OF NEW SHOREHAM

Respectfully represents Annie J. Champlin and Christopher A. Champlin, administrators of the estate of

John C. Champlin,

late of said New Shoreham, deceased:

That certain debts are due from the deceased.

That the personal estate is insufficient to pay the debts of the deceased and it is necessary for that purpose to sell some part of the real estate.

That said deceased, at the time of death, was seized and possessed of an undivided one-half interest in and to a certain parcel of land situated in the central part of the Town of New Shoreham, bounded easterly on Ocean Avenue, southerly upon land formerly of William R. S. Mott, westerly and northerly upon Trim's Pond.

He therefore prays that they may be authorized and empowered to sell the whole of said parcel of land for the purposes aforesaid, with incidental charges.

The above petition will be in order for hearing before said Court on the 6th day of November, 1922.

ANNIE J. CHAMPLIN, CHRISTOPHER A. CHAMPLIN, Administrators.

10-24

Probate Court of the City of Newport.

Estate of Mildred McNamee

NOTICE is hereby given that Jean A. Sullivan has qualified as Guardian of the person and estate of MILDRED McNAMEE, minor, of said Newport.

Creditors are notified to file their claims in this office within the times required by law, beginning October 23th, 1922.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

October 21st, 1922.

Probate Court of the City of Newport.

Estate of Jane Vayro

AN INSTRUMENT in writing purporting to be the last will and testament of Jane Vayro, late of said Newport, deceased, is presented for probate, and the same is received and referred to the Sixth day of November next, at ten o'clock A. M., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

10-21

Probate Court of the City of Newport.

October 17th, 1922

October 17th, 1922

October 17th, 1922

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October 17th, 1922

Low Station-to-Station Toll Service Helps Us

We can give you a reduced rate of at least 20 per cent on station-to-station toll service because this service

Saves time,

Saves switchboard expense,

Saves toll line expense,

Means more use of our toll lines.

Ask us to tell you about station-to-station toll service if you are not using it.

NEW ENGLAND TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

WALTER A. WRIGHT

Manager

NEW ENGLAND TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

WALTER A. WRIGHT

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Manager

NEW ENGLAND TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

WALTER A. WRIGHT

Manager